The Centre Reporter.

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NEW SERIES XXI

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1888.

NO 11

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ - - Editor.

1888.
DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

Bellefonte	N W	R M Magee,
	S W	V J Bower,
	W W	O L Meek,
Howard Boro		A Weber,
Milesburg Boro		A M Butler,
Millheim Boro		Sam'l Weiser, Jr.,
Centre Hall Boro		J W McCormick,
Philipsburg	1st W	Jerry Sankey,
	2d W	Joseph Riley
	3d W	Jackson Gorton,
Unionville Boro		J C Smith,
Benner twp		Cornelius Hazle,
Boggs twp	N P	Geo Brown,
do	W P	T F Adams,
do	E P	H L Barnhart,
Burnside twp		Wm Hipple,
College twp		Geo Roan,
Curtin twp		David Brickley.
Ferguson twp	E P	D W Miller,
do	W P	Sam'l Harpster, Jr.,
Gregg twp	SP	Wm Hanna,
do	N P	Wm Lose,
Haines twp	E P	J H Orndorf,
do	W P	Calvin Weaver,
Half Moon twp		J H Griffin,
Harris twp		C C Meyer,
Howard twp		Geo D Johston,
Huston twp		Wm Irvinn
Liberty twp		D W Herring,
Marion twp		John S Hoy,
Miles twp		James J Gramley,
Patton twp		P A Sellers
Penn twp		Jacob S Meyer,
Potter twp	N P	Jno WConley,
do	S P	W W Spangler,
Rush twp,	S P	Jno Kennedy,
do	N P	Orrin Vail,
Snow Shoe	W P	Frank Tulberty,
do	E P	J S Ewing,
Spring twp		Perry Gentzel,
Taylor twp		Wm T Hoover,
Walker twp		A G Kreamer,
Worth twp		Levi Reese,
Union twp		Aaron Fahr.

WILLIAM F. REBER, Secretary. AARON WILLIAMS, Chairman

A TICKET FOR THEM.

Since Blaine, Beaver and Sheridan won't have it, the Reporter can fix a fine ticket for the Republicans, and here it is:

For President:
GEN. DAN. HASTINGS.
Of Bellefonte and Harrisburg.

For Vice President:
DYNAMITE FORAKER.
Of Ohio.

The qualities in this ticket would be lungs at the head and dynamite in the tail—and it could make a racket if it can't make the presidency.

The Pennsylvania list of candidates for President is made up of the following:

Don Cameron.
Gov. Beaver
Dan. Hastings.
Jack Love.
Galusha Grow.
Chas Hewes.
Commissioner Henderson:
John Decker.
M. S. Quay,
and several Republican congressmen.

Centre Hall and Bellefonte boroughs crow over Democratic victories. Let Democrats close up the ranks now for next fall.

Beaver has changed his mind and will be a candidate for President. If he can get a pole long enough, he may knock the persimons. A President from Centre county would be a big thing.

In 1887 the people of Philadelphia built 7,020 new dwelling houses. Since the last census there has been an addition of 33,680 new dwellings in the city; so that there are over 180,000 homes in Philadelphia at the present time. The increase in eight years has about equaled the entire number of dwelling houses in San Francisco in 1880, and exceeds the census returns of dwellings in either Cincinnati, Cleveland or Washington at the time.

We would prefer that the Republicans nominate John Sherman for President. We are of the opinion that the Democracy of the United States would rather try their hand at whaling the man who was head and front of the great presidential steal, by which Sam'l J. Tilden was robbed of the high office to which he was elected by the people of the United States. Sherman's use of the negro wench, Eliza Pinkston, would make interesting campaign reading.

Rev. W. Spendlove, a missionary, has reached Winnipeg from north of McKenzie river, where he has been for nine years. His journey down took nearly three months. From Peace river he heard of cases where Indians had died of starvation and had then been eaten by their comrades. Deer have been very scarce for the past two years. There is much feeling because the government of Ottawa has taken no notice of the destitution of these Indians repeatedly brought to its attention.

The Democracy of old Centre want to come in straight line now and get ready to face the common enemy next fall, instead of defeating its own men. There has been enough of that and nine-tenths of those led into it are sorry for it. This augurs well, for the opposition admit that with a united front we can put them *hors du combat*.

The hope of the Republicans is to keep us divided, and they try to hire Democrats to keep up division, and use their press for all kinds of false stories to prevent a closing of the Democratic ranks.

Democrats, learn wisdom from past experience.

THE BEE IN BEAVER'S BONNET.

THIS IS THE WAY HE HOPES TO CAPTURE THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION.

Pottsville, February 16.—To-night's *Chronicle* publishes a special from Harrisburg declaring that Governor Beaver has the Presidential bee in his bonnet, and since the withdrawal of Blaine became assured, has been laying his plans to turn up at Chicago in the nick of time as a dark horse. The present programme, the *Chronicle* says, is that Judge Kirkpatrick, the Attorney General, is to be selected a delegate from the Northampton district; Pearsons, the Governor's private secretary, is to be a delegate from the Mercer district; Adjutant General Hastings is to report from the Centre district, and Stone, of Warren, promises to take care of that section. Governor Beaver expects to be made one of the delegates-at-large. Through the aid of his friends he also expects to be made chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation. He believes that there will come a crisis in the Chicago Convention when he may be mentioned with a hurrah, as General Garfield was eight years ago.

In the event of his nomination Senator Cooper is to be made chairman of the national committee and to be provided for under the national administration if the ticket should be elected.

A DEMOCRATIC MECCA.

Washington, for the moment, is enlivened by the hosts of a novel crusade. A Democratic army, without banners, has invaded the Capitol with a mighty mission at heart. Many of the great cities of the country are contending for the glory of the coming Convention, which is to name the President for the next four years after March 4. St. Louis, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Indianapolis and New York have sent their tale of men to convince the doubting committee. In most of these cities Democratic conventions have met before. St. Louis and Chicago set out with the prestige of former success, for they had the glory of holding the conventions that nominated the only two successful candidates chosen by the Democracy since 1856.

St. Louis reminds the committee that Tilden was named there in June, 1876, and elected in November; Chicago points to Cleveland in 1884, and promises to eclipse the cordiality she showed in that year if she may have the honor of his second nomination.

San Francisco holds out the most flattering and tempting inducements of all, and will stand second best.

TARIFF STRAWS.

At a Republican meeting in one of the counties in Illinois, a strong tariff reduction resolution was passed.

The Minneapolis *Evening Journal* publishes statements from thirty-six of the leading republican country editors of the state on the presidential tariff, and other political views in their sections. A recapitulation shows that the republicans of the state are almost unanimously in favor of an intelligent reduction of the tariff on the necessities of life, such as iron, coal, lumber and salt, and a maintenance of a high tariff on luxuries.

That is coming in to the Democratic idea.

A MODEL LABOR ORDER.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers says the Philad. *Times*, is the model labor organization of the world. It never strikes for the reason that it never hires agitators to disturb its relations with employers. When wages or anything else is unsatisfactory, it goes to its employers in all the dignity of manhood, makes its complaint and always commands justice because dispassionate reason always directs its actions. It never strikes, therefore, because it never asks anything but what is right and never submit to what is wrong. It is master of its profession and never wastes its earnings on walking delegates or agitators who must disturb employers and employed to earn the pay of idleness.

The great strike is ended, and the miner's were ordered to go to work in the Lehigh region, on Monday, at the old rates, with a promise that as soon as all is in running order again, the Reading Coal and Iron company, will agree to consider the matter of an advance in wages with representatives of the miners, and to pay them as much, and no more, as is paid by other operators in the anthracite region.

This amounts to a surrender of the miners, and a loss of six week's time, which is hard for them. But they always come out at the little end and the big corporations have it their own way. We think some of the leaders of the labor organizations are to blame for hasty action through which the poor laborer suffers.

A cyclone struck Mt. Vernon, Ill., on Sunday. The town was virtually destroyed. A number of lives were lost, and many persons injured.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

MT. VERNON, ILL., A SCENE OF RUIN FROM THE CYCLONE.

Mt. Vernon, Ill., Feb. 21.—Morning witnessed a scene of death and ruin. The terrible tornado has left in its path complete wrecks of more than half the houses in the town.

Not a single building is left standing on the east, west and south s de of the public square. Over five hundred dwellings are totally destroyed, and all the churches in town, except the Catholic and the Presbyterian.

The loss is placed at present at over a million dollars.

The death list, still incomplete, foots up twenty-seven, and the list of injured will reach over two hundred.

The storm was preceded by hail, but not more than five minutes elapsed until the fearful destroyer had swept over the doomed town. It came from the southwest. Buildings were wrenched and twisted and then dashed to pieces, total wrecks.

The storm came from the northwest, and sweeping around in a half circle razed the town, levelling half of it and setting fire to the remainder.

High above the fierce wind could be heard the crackling of flames and groans of the dying.

The Western Union telegraph office was destroyed, and all the wires broken except the one leading to Evansville, Ind.

Assistance was telegraphed for to Evansville, and special train with five engines and reels, also a number of physicians were immediately sent to the rescue.

For the amount of destruction to property the loss of life is very light, but no idea can be formed of the magnitude of the disaster yet.

The storm came just after the Sunday schools closed, or there is no telling what the loss would have been, as the Methodist and Baptist churches were totally destroyed.

The skating rink is scattered all over the town. The mill of the Mount Vernon Milling Company is badly damaged. The other buildings were not seriously damaged, except G. F. M. Ward's building, on the West side, which is almost totally demolished.

The Court House has not been injured but it stands alone. All around it is ruin and desolation, and is now being used as a hospital for the wounded.

Some of the dead are so badly mutilated that they cannot be recognized.

The list of victims, as reliably reported, so far, is as follows:

S. J. Waters, Mrs. John Waters and child, Mr. Cummings, Miss Martha Westbrook, Mrs. R. Duvey, John Yearwood and wife, Mrs. Holcomb, D. F. Yearwood and wife, Samuel Yearwood and wife, J. C. Murray, George Purcell, Mrs. William Jones and child, John Dodson, Mrs. L. F. Legge, Miss Josie Sutton, John Shrew, Blacksmith, name unknown, two telegraph operators, James Pearson, George Pierce.

Mrs. W. H. Hinman and Mrs. Hambrick cannot live and others on the list will die.

It is growing colder and many helpless people will suffer if the weather becomes severe. Reports are coming in from the country and the storm seems to have swept everything.

A destructive storm is also reported at Nortonville, Ky., but no particulars are known here.

The most horrible scenes were witnessed as the debris broke into flames and the victims screamed in their futile efforts to escape.

Four men in the Evans Bank were imprisoned in the ruins of the burning building and burned to death. Their cries of pain and distress were agonized in the extreme, but nothing could reach them. Their names could not be ascertained.

Through the great heap of ruins men, women and boys were struggling in their efforts to reach those imprisoned beneath timbers and bricks. Cries came from every pile of debris. In some of the streets where the great clouds swept with resistless force the dead lay in the warm rain, which mingled with their blood. Above the scene of desolation the sky was red from the conflagration, and the wind, which was blowing from the south, was laden with blazing brands. Such a picture appalled the stoutest heart.

For hours the survivors thought of nothing but themselves. With flames roaring behind and upon all sides of them, there was no alternative but to flee over the bodies of the dead and the wounded and the mass of ruins which pinned them to the earth. For an hour it looked as though the victims of the blaze would be burned where they lay. As the night wore on the survivors became braver and plunged into the ruins of the great east end, where many helpless creatures lay groaning and praying. Torches, lanterns and lamps flickered over the desolated tract as far as the eye could reach. Men and women who had not yet removed their Sunday raiment worked nobly in the falling rain and wreckage.

Relief trains were sent from Evansville and St. Louis as soon as possible. The same storm is reported as devastating portions of the State of Kentucky near Nortonville, but no particulars are obtainable.

Mount Vernon is the capital of Jefferson county, Illinois. It had a population of a little over 2,000. It is seventy-seven miles southeast of St. Louis and about twenty miles southeast of Centralia.

It contained a courthouse, two banks, four churches, two newspaper offices, two steam flour mills, a woolen mill, a saw mill and some railroad shops of the St. Louis and Southern Railroad Company.

PERHAPS A NEW STRIKE.

Pottsville, Feb. 21.—To-morrow will decide whether the Schuylkill miners' strike is to be renewed or not. The outlook to-night is very doubtful, but the action of the company in continuing to refuse men who apply for work makes it very dark. The Reading Company's mines are working to-day with practically as many men as yesterday. Twenty-six collieries are reported as working to-day as usual. Ten others are idle for various reasons not connected with the strike, such as in the case of Ellangowan, where an extraordinary inflow of water and thaw have increased beyond the capacity of the pumps; or on account of necessary repairs, new timbering or broken machinery. Six collieries, the company's officers acknowledge, are idle for want of men to work them. These men have not obeyed the order of Master Workman Lewis to return to work in accordance with the terms specified in President Corbin's letter.

The Half-Holiday law, in New York, after a brief trial, does not seem to prove popular. The New York *Observer* speaking of it says:

"There can be no doubt that the Half Holiday Law in this State will have to go. Resolutions demanding its repeal have been passed by nearly all the commercial and trade organizations of this city, and petitions to the same effect signed by thousands of business men, have been sent to Albany. Many of those who favored the passage of the law a year ago are now working for its repeal. It was hoped by the promoters of the measure that it would operate to the benefit of the working classes generally, affording all a half day's rest every week with opportunities for recreation or self-cultivation in libraries or museums, and thus reducing the temptations to the desecration of the Sabbath. In practice the law has completely failed of the ends aimed at. It has not helped those who most need a few additional hours of rest, but has hindered and embarrassed many who have no real interest in the observance. It closes the banks for a half day every week, but the mills, factories, and shops remain open as before all the week around. Business men in general have not yet been brought to the belief that they can afford to pay, as a regular thing, six days' wages for five and a half days' work, and no law can compel them to do it. And most working people are not willing, as a regular thing, to accept five and a half days' wages when they might have six, and the law cannot compel them to do it. Between these two states of feeling the Saturday Half-Holiday must fall to the ground."

Of all the idiotic stage-struck individuals with which the public is insulted and the theater burdened, the last is the worst. Nina Van Zandt, the proxy wife of the Anarchist Spies, is going to make capital of her connection with the Chicago assassins, and appear in a tragedy. Of course the individual who assumes the role of "manager" in this connection expects to make a great deal of money out of it, and he will, in all probability, not be disappointed. There are plenty of morbidly curious people in the country who would willingly pay to get a sight of the foolish girl, but it is really a pity that the theatrical profession should have to bear this additional incubus, and talented actors and actresses this addition to the already long list of people without the slightest legitimate claim to compete with them.

And now Gen. Sheridan announces he won't have it. This leaves the door a little wider for Beaver or Hastings.

We have received from the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, a copy of their beautiful picture, "Moorish Maid," used in advertising the Athlophoros remedies. The picture is very handsome and worthy of a place in any parlor. Copies may be obtained direct from the Company by sending six cents in stamps to pay the postage. The picture would readily sell in the art stores for fifty cents, and the company are receiving many thousand orders at this merely nominal price.

If I had any [illegible] blood disease, like tetter [illegible]rh, scald he[illegible], sore eyes, scrofula, etc. I would [illegible]'s Blood Searcher" sure

TASCOTT IS THE MURDERER.

A Confederate Says He Murdered Mr. Snell-Tascott's Record.

CHICAGO, Feb. 20.—Any lingering doubts as to the guilt of young William B. Tascott, who is being sought by the police for the murder of Amos J. Snell, the millionaire, were ended Saturday n by the arrest of a man who confesses that he acted as an assistant to Tascott on the night of the murder and patrolled the streets outside the dwelling while the burglary and murder took place within. Who the arrested man is the police keep secret, the heads of the department have made a statement which would seem to settle the question of Tascott's guilt. After closely questioning the confederate the police induced him to make a sworn confession in which he declared that he became acquainted with Tascott not long ago at a billiard hall in West Madison street. The men became intimate very quickly and for several weeks they were together daily. Very early on the morning of the murder they went to Mr. Snell's house, which had been selected as a promising place for a burglary.

The young man's father, J. B. Tascott, is an old, wealthy, and respected resident of Chicago. The son's opportunities for success in life were excellent, but he seemed to have little liking for every-day honesty.

His police record is of considerable length, although he is only 21 years old. As a boy he became known as an expert thief, ransacking stores frequently and disposing of the proceeds of his thefts to keep him in pocket money, as he explained to his friends, his allowance from his father not reaching his ideas of what was needful.

The Lost Power of a Trades Assembly.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 20.—A special meeting of the Essex Trades Assembly of this city was called at 3 p. m. yesterday to take action against a bill pending in the Legislature amending the law of last winter which makes it unlawful for drivers and conductrrs on horse cars to work except at consecutive hours. Only eight persons responded and these relegated the matter to the Board of Trustees. Two years ago the assembly contained 100 trade organizations, and now only eighteen are nominally represented. A delegate said at the meeting yesterday looking about him: "Our power is gone."

Accidents on the Erie Railroad.

NEWBURG, N. Y., Feb. 20.—On the Erie Railway a big coal train ran into the rear end of a way freight train at Washingtonville, twelve miles from here, and caused a bad wreck Saturday afternoon. The caboose was smashed, an engine was badly damaged and three or four loaded freight cars were burned. The loss is about $15,000. Erie passenger train No. 6 struck the team of Owen Doyle at Howell's depot Friday afternoon, killing both horses and fatally injurying Mr. Doyle, who is nearly seventy years old.

Wages in Pennsylvania Iron Mills.

SCRANTON, Feb. 18.—Pay days at the mills of the Lackawana Iron and Coal Company and the Scranton Steel Company in this city come late in each month, and the extent of the reduction made on Jan. 1 in the wages of the men has just been ascertained. In certain grades it falls below a dollar a day, or panic prices, and in the cases of the skilled employes the cut reaches a dollar and upwards. There is much dissatisfaction among the workmen.

Dangling From an Asylum Grating.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 20.—Henry Decker, a patient at the State Lunatic Asylum in this city, committed suicide Saturday by hanging himself to a window grating with bed sheet. He had served a twelve years' sentence in Pennsylvania for killing his father-in-law, and a year ago was arrested in Binghampton for arson in the second degree, when his insanity became apparent and he was sent to the asylum.

Suing Her Husband for $50,000.

JAMAICA, L. I., Feb. 20.—Mrs. Hannah Bailey of Jamaica, L. I., has brought suit against her husband, William T. Bailey of Far Rockaway, to recover $50,000 which she advanced to him several years ago to improve a tract of property which he had purchased at this place with the understanding that Mr. Bailey was to pay a just share of the profits. This he failed to do and Mrs. Bailey sued.

A Verdict Against Patrick Ford.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Feb. 20.—A verdict of $200 against Patrick Ford, editor and proprietor of The *Irish World*, of New York, was rendered by a jury in the Ulster County Circuit Court here Saturday. The plaintiff is Peter Grimes, a resident of this city, who sued Mr. Ford for libel because of an article which appeared in The *Irish World* in January, 1886. Mr. Ford disclaimed all personal knowledge of the publication.

Horace Greely's Birth Place.

NASHUA, N. H., Feb. 17.—The little low studded farmhouse in which Horace Greely was born Feb. 3, 1811, together with 129 acres of farm land, now belonging to Fred Cotton, will be sold at public auction at Amherst for taxes, amounting to $20.25. A picture of the house appears in the "History of Amherst," written by D. F. Secomb, now City Librarian of Concord.

Victory for Standard Oil.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Feb. 20.—Judge Haight handed down a decision Saturday authorizing the receiver of the Bugalo Lubricating Company to accept $25,000 cash to have all suits against the Standard Oil Company withdrawn. This is a victory for the Standard, as the amount involved in the original suits is nearly half a million dollars.

Paralyzed in the Pulpit.

UTICA, N. Y., Feb. 20.—Rev. W. Brooks, D. D., lecturer on natural philosophy in Madison University at Hamilton, was stricken with paralysis yesterday and is in a critical condition. He was at the moment conducting services in a chapel which he had built at Randallsville, a Hamlet about three miles from Hamilton.

Pittsburg's Union Painters to Strike.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 18.—The union painters have decided to strike on March 1 and establish co-operative shops. The master painters refused to sign the scale for eight hours work.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Utah made her fifth appeal at Washington Saturday to be admitted into the Union. The matter is still under consideration.

The Austrian Government has decided to take fresh precautionary measures to counterbalance the continued military preparations on the part of Russia.

The total sales of the unclaimed public store goods which were sold Friday and Wednesday at the Barge Office by order of Collector Magone, amounted to $8,421.65.

The packing-box factory of Doernberg & Goodman, 522 to 528 East Twentieth street, New York City, was destroyed by fire Saturday night, involving a loss of $35,000.

A Roscoe Conkling Club has been formed in Pittsburg, Pa. Their ticket for 1888 is, for President, Roscoe Conkling of New York, for Vice-President, J. B. Foraker of Ohio.

Henry Rammelsberg, a member of a prominent Cincinnati family, who a few years ago could draw his check for $100,000, is locked up charged with stealing a $10 overcoat, which he pawned for $2.

The reports of sixty-one railroads for January show a gross increase of 2.9 per cent. over the same month in 1887, 24 per cent. over 1886, and 12 per cent. over 1885. The mileage has increased 17.2 per cent. since 1887.

The Chinese steamer arrived in San Francisco with over 200 Chinese, 136 of whom had no return certificates, 502 have been discharged from quarantine and they will attempt to enter the country by writs of habeas corpus.

Austin Corbin is 60 years of age, has a countenance indicative of great resolution and dogged determination. When seated so that his legs are hidden he looks like a small man, but in reality he measures six feet, and weighs 200 pounds.

The American Lottery Company was raided by the police Friday in San Francisco. The company is run by Chinamen and is estimated to be worth from $100,000 to $500,000. The entire operating force of company was secured.

Shee Fong and Fong Long Disk, Chinamen who were sentenced to be hanged in Portland, Oregon, Friday, were granted a stay of ten days by the Judge of the Circuit Court. They were convicted for the murder of another Chinaman.

The New York State Assembly passed Assemblyman McKenna's bill increasing from $5,000 to $10,000 the amount of the damages to be paid by a railroad company if a passenger is killed by a railroad accident. The bill went through by a vote of 70 to 5.

Assemblyman Smith introduced a bill in the New York State Assembly exempting from taxation the property of every minister or priest who is permanently disabled by impaired health from performing the active duties of the ministry, and who has attained the age of seventy-five years.

The House has passed a bill providing that non-resident aliens holding real estate in Iowa shall dispose of it within ten years, but may hold 320 acres or city property to the amount of $10,000, provided such is placed in actual possession of relatives or occupant to become a naturalized citizen within ten years.

An error has been discovered in New Jersey's State Constitution, whereby the prison doors throughout the State will be opened and all the prisoners committed since 1875 liberated. The bar and the bench are agitated over the matter as the error shows that ever since 1876 there have been no Courts of Common Pleas in the State of New Jersey.

A rumor has been afoot that Gen. Phil Sheridan was born in Ireland, but the General has put a stop to it with the following announcement: "I was born in Albany, N. Y., March 6, 1831. My parents landed from Ireland about six months previous to my birth. About a year and half after my birth my parents moved to Somerset, Ohio."

Thomas A Edison, the inventor, has sent Professor James Ricalton of Maplewood, N. J., on a long hunt for a species of vegetable growth which will enable him to make great improvements in electrical appliances. Mr. Edison is sure that the vegetable has an existence, because he has it in his possession; but as to where it grows and how to secure it in quantity is the problem which Professor Ricalton will try to solve in a two years' tour of the globe. He will go to India first.

A MANIAC AT THE THROTTLE.

An Insane Engineer Runs His Engine for Three Hours.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Feb. 20.—Saturday night at 6 o'clock Charles Curier, engineer on yard engine No. 27, plying between this city and Windsor Beach, became suddenly crazy while on his engine. His fireman noticing his strange actions, tried to run the engine to the roadhouse, but he was set upon by the madman and knocked senseless with a big hammer. Coming to himself, he managed to crawl to the edge of the cab and jump on a snowbank, receiving little injury.

The mad engineer ran the engine past the Windsor station, and east on the main line.

The alarm was given by the fireman, and officials at Webster, eighteen miles east of Windsor Beach, stopped all trains and turned the switch so as to ditch the madman's engine should he try to pass the station.

For three hours he ran the engine backward and forward on the stretch of track until his coal gave out, when he was captured.

Output of Coal in the Lehigh Region.

WILKESBARRE, Feb. 20.—The report of Mine Inspector Williams of the third anthracite district for 1887, to be published to-day shows the amount of coal mined in the district as follows: By the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, 2,178,150 tons; Delaware and Hudson Coal Company, 2,106,146 tons; Susquehanna Coal Company, 1,561,530 tons; Kingston Coal Company, 869,598; individual companies, 1,825,329 tons; total, 7,540,753 tons. The excess over last year's production is 605,438 tons. The number of mine employes fatally injured during the year was 65, or one to every 116,011 tons of coal mined. The number of persons seriously injured was 295, or one to each 25,561 tons of coal mined. The number of widows resulting was 33, and orphans 120. The number of fatalities exceeds that of 1886 by seven.

Port Richmond's Post Office Robbed.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 18.—At 3 o'clock yesterday morning a safe in the sub-post-office at Port Richmond was blown up and the contents stolen, including $125 in cash and a large quantity of postage stamps and a number of box keys. The noise of the explosion aroused two citizens two blocks away. Three burglars were seen, but they managed to get away, dropping in their flight $400 and the box of keys. The police think the thieves are residents of the neighborhood.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Dr. William E. Thornton, a prominent druggist in Baltimore, died on the 11th from the effects of a fall on the evening of the 10th. In pulling the door-bell of a house for admission his hand slipped off and he fell backward into the area, a distance of nine feet.

—Heavy snow in the mountains has caused a freight blockade on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and, for the first time since the riots of 1877, the company has been compelled to refuse to accept freight cars for points east of Altoona. The blockake is shutting out Eastern coke shipments and seriously affecting the coke trade. No shipments have been made since the 10th.

—W. T. Everett, a prominent farmer of Nansemond county, Virginia, committed suicide on the morning of the 11th. Loss of sleep from nursing sick children is assigned as the cause.

—Among the localities that suffered from the forest fires last fall was the neighborhood of Sigler's Landing, a hamlet in Tipton county, Tennessee. The deep mould in the forest composed of decayed earth was ignited and burned down a distance of ten to twenty inches. The fire at this place has continued to burn below the surface of the earth, and at a dozen points a blaze issues from crevices in the soil. It is believed that there is a bed of coal not very far underground which caught fire from the burning mould on the surface.

—Seven persons, all colored, namely Horace Carter and two of his daughters, Pierre and Frisbie Allen, Priscilla Smith and Cecilia Lewis, were drowned by the upsetting of a boat, near Fairview, Louisiana, on the 11th. The boat was capsized by swells from a steamer.

—A despatch from Toronto says A. A. Allan, the absconding cashier of the defunct Central Bank of Toronto, is now in Minneapolis looking for a situation. Allan writes that he was forced by the Directors to do what he did in connection with the affairs of the bank.

—Near Philadelphia, in Jefferson county, New York, on the 11th, 78 packages, containing 780 pounds of prepared opium, of the highest quality, were found in the barn of Ephraim Gardner, who was arrested at Redwood on the evening of the 7th, and from whom 1000 pounds of opium were taken by custom officials at that time. It is believed that Gardner was one of the chiefs in the ring of smugglers engaged in the opium trade.

—Two engines on the Erie and Wyoming Railroad were demolished by a collision, near Pittston, Penna., on the afternoon of the 11th, and an engineer named Siegel was killed.

—The house of William Hull, at Minden, Ontario, was burned on the evening of the 11th, and his aged mother perished in the flames.

—A party of Hungarians went to the house of a man named Manlick, at Silver Brook, eight miles south of Hazelton, Pa., on the evening of the 12th, and indulged freely in whisky and beer. They then engaged in a fierce fight, during which a lighted lamp exploded, setting fire to the room and the clothes of those present. They all rushed for the door, which was locked and the key could not be found. John Elias, aged 20; John Seddo, aged 25; John Kobinko, aged 35; Michael Yankovitech, ageed 30, and Mary Manlick, aged 16, were burnsd to death, and four others were so badly burned that it is thought they will die. Mrs. Manlick threw her baby out of one of the windows, but in falling it was fatally injured. Half a dozen others, whose names are not known, were badly burned or injured by jumping out of the windows. It was a frame house. It is stated that the story of the turning over of the lamp is not believed. It is the opinion of many that there was a murder committed in the house, and it was fired to hide the crime.

—The bucket shops which were raided in New York on the 11th were all open on the 13th, conducting business as usual.

—The roof of the ordinance building at the Washington Navy Yard fell on the 13th, being unable to support in the heavy weight of snow upon it.

—Stephen N. Wilson shot and mortally wounded Archie Irwin in St. Louis on the evening of the 13th. They are both colored, and they quarreled over an assertion made by Wilson that the female teachers in the colored schools were the wives of proprietors of negro gambling houses and disreputable saloons. Brack Cornett, a noted outlaw and leader of the notorious train robbers, was shot and killed on the 13th while resisting arrest by Sheriff Allee, of Frio county, Texas. J. W. Hacker shot and killed Mabel Sterke in Berlin, Wisconsin, on the evening of the 13th, and then committed suicide. Hacker was 19 years old and his victim a year younger. They met some time ago at the Girl's Home in Belle Plaine, Iowa, and fell in love with one another. The marriage was opposed by the girl's parents, and she was sent to visit relatives in Berlin. Hacker learned of her whereabouts and followed. Mrs. Irene Parker, wife of a house painter in Washington, D.C., attempted to kill her two children early on the morning of the 14th. The younger child, aged 7 years, received seven cuts across her head, which were made by a hatchet. The woman then attempted to cut the throat of her eldest daughter, aged 12, with a case knife. She made an unsuccessful attempt to kill her husband with a hatchet. When locked up in the police station she said that she had intended to kill the whole family and then kill herself. She is thought to be insane. A young man assaulted Miss Sophie Hungerford, a school teacher in Baltimore, as she was passing through Druid Hill Park, on the morning of the 14th. She caught one of his fingers in her mouth and bit it severely. She then drew a revolver, at the sight of which he ran, but she fired two shots after him and is uncertain whether either took effect. Several outrages of similar character have occurred in lonely sections of the Park. Chester Every, 40 years old, shot and killed his daughter, aged 17, in Altoona, Penna., on the 14th, and then committed suicide.

—The bonds which Frank McNeally stole from the Saco and Biddeford Savings Institution, in Saco, Maine, have been recovered by his brother Harry, and are on their way to this country from Europe.

—An explosion occurred on the 14th, in the Wyoming colliery, at Park Bowkley, near Wilkesbarre, injuring five men, two of them, Jacob Monohan, aged 35 years, and John Boyle, aged 40, fatally. Another explosion of powder occurred on the morning of the 14th, on the Pittston branch of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, by which three men were badly injured, one of whom, John Reed, fireman, will lose his eyesight. Men had drilled a foot hole in the rock and fired several small charges of dynamite to enlarge it for the reception of powder. Eight kegs of powder were opened on the spot, and two of them were emptied in the hole, where they were exploded by sparks which were still alive. The explosion ignited the powder in the other kegs, and a second explosion occurred.

—Mrs. Isabella Fopiess, 32 years old, died in Baltimore, on the 14th, from the result of burns received on the evening of the 13th. She had just given her sick husband some medicine and going down stairs tripped, causing the lamp to explode. The burning fluid was thrown over her person.

—R. S. Porter, a wealthy farmer, and his wife had an encounter with burglars at their home, in Lawrenceville, Illinois, on the evening of the 12th. Early in the evening Mr. Porter responded to a knock at the door, when a man entered and placed a revolver at his head. He threw his assailant to the floor, and while struggling with him a second man entered and held Mrs. Porter at bay with a revolver. She went at this one with a poker, while her husband struggled with the first. Two more of the gang came in to the assistance of their confederates and a terrific fight ensued. Some of the neighbors became alarmed by this time and the burglars made a hurried departure. Mr. and Mrs. Porter were badly, and perhaps fatally, injured.

—A section of one of the elevated railroads in course of construction in Brooklyn, New York, fell on the morning of the 14th, and crushed in the fore part of a street car, which was passing under it at the time. Four persons were killed and one injured.

—A farmer named Bean, living near Concordia, Kansas, had a feed grinder run by a wind mill. While climbing over the grinder his clothes were caught in the shaft, and he was squeezed to death. Mary Ward, aged 14, while gathering wheat in the lower part of the Barker & Co. mill, in Winchester, Virginia, on the 15th, was caught in the machinery and killed. A small frame grocery in Danville, Virginia, was burned early on the morning of the 15th, and a colored man asleep in the building was burned to death. Hiram Moore, an old man, who lived alone in Campbell county, Virginia, perished by the burning of his house on the evening of the 14th. Seven stores, two hotels, a machine shop and a residence in Dell Rapids, Dakota, were burned on the evening of the 14th. The fire was started by the explosion of a lamp.

—On the arrival at Norfolk, Virginia, on the morning of the 15th, of the New York, Philadelphia and Norfolk Railroad Ferry steamer, three men, giving their names as Edward Best, of Philadelphia; James Parker, of Indiana, and William Andrews, of Richmond, were arrested for robbing the Post Office at Salisbury, Maryland, on the evening of the 14th. Best had on his person about $200 in money, a tin funnel for using powder to blow open a safe, and a bull dog pistol. Andrews had one hundred dollars and a spool of thread for use as a signal cord. Parker had a hundred and fifty dollars in stamps and a bull-dog pistol. The extent of the robbery is stated at about fifteen hundred dollars.

—Collector Magone, of New York, promises some startling disclosures shortly respecting the opium smuggling along the Canada border. It is thought that the country from Ogdensburg to Watertown, on the line of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad is literally lined with smuggled opium. The opium is brought from Asia by way of Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific Railroad to the St. Lawrence river.

—In Baltimore, on the afternoon of the 14th, Mrs. Mary Vickman, while riding in a street car, swallowed nearly an ounce of laudanum, with suicidal intent. She was saved by prompt medical treatment. On the morning of the 15th, at her home, she cut her throat. Her husband, who was present, took the knife from her, but she is said to be in a critical condition.

—Oliver P. Truett, shot his wife and himself in York, Pennsylvania, on the 15th. Mrs. Truett may recover; but the husband is thought to be fatally wounded. The shooting was the result of jealousy. Jarrett Brooks was arrested in Springfield, Ohio, on the 15th, on the charge of poisoning William P. Hanes, who died on the 14th. It is stated that Brooks has been intimate with Mrs. Hanes.

—C. C. Beale, a prominent trader at Clinton, Maine, took some whisky out of a bottle on the 14th, and died at night. His son, aged 18, drank some of the liquor, and it is thought he will die. The liquor contained strychnine.

—An air receiver at the Hudson Iron Works in Hudson, New York, exploded on the 15th. The receiver is a boiler iron tank for receiving the air used in blast. It stood outside of the furnace proper on the easterly side of the building and was about 35 feet high and 18 feet in diameter. It was constructed to stand a great air pressure required by the works. At the time of explosion the engine was standing still awaiting some trifling repair. By the explosion the receiver was torn assunder like a paper balloon in a whirlwind. Fragments weighing hundreds of pounds were thrown many yards and in every direction. Stockhouses, elevators and air columns were blown to atoms and sent in every direction. Patrick Buckley was fatally injured. The loss is estimated at $50,000.

—Frank Hunter, Harry Brock and William Schumaker, all about 12 years of age, were drowned at South St. Louis on the 15th, by breaking through the ice.

—John M. Underwood, a wealthy and prominent citizen of Danvers, Massachusetts, 75 years of age, was found frozen to death some distance from his house on the morning of the 16th. He was a somnambulist, and probably walked out of the house during the night while asleep.

—It is stated that near Akron, Ohio, on the morning of the 15th, "people were thrown out of bed and windows and ceilings crumbled, while the earth rocked, the convulsions being preceded by terrific reports of an explosion. A great fissure in the earth is the only sign of the strange occurrence. People fled from their houses, and the greatest excitement prevailed."

—Charles Snyder, an employe in the rail department of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, in Scranton, Penna., was killed on the 16th. He and a companion were jostling one another, when Snyder fell beneath a 25-foot fly-wheel going at the rate of 80 revolutions per minute.

—An express train and freight train on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad collided on the 16th, at Canton, New York. Both engines were wrecked, the baggage car was shot over the top of the engine and down a fifty foot embankment, and two or three of the freight cars were smashed, having been dashed over the embankment. The express car was telescoped. Robert Archibald, fireman, and Thomas Peden, baggageman, were killed. Two other train men were injured, but not fatally. A passenger and freight train on the Grand Trunk Railroad collided near Toronto, Ontario, on the 16th. Four trainmen were killed. None of the passengers were seriously hurt. Mrs. Albert Traffert and her 12-year-old son were crossing the Ohio and Mississippi track near Shattuck, Illinois, on the 15th, when they were struck by a train and killed. Harry Hires, a brakeman on the North Penn Railroad, was killed on the 16th, by being struck by an overhead bridge. Richard Morgan, a miner, was struck and killed by a train on the Central Railroad at Warrier Run, Pa., on the 16th. He is supposed to have been intoxicated, as it was pay day, and an empty bottle was found in one of his pockets.

—Captain Robert S. Hart committed suicide by shooting himself, in Covington, Kentucky, on the 16th. He was despondent on account of illness and being out of employment. Albert L. Kebler, brother of Charles Kebler, who recently committed suicide in Cincinnati, when the knowledge of his forgeries was about to become known, on the 16th killed himself. He used two revolvers, holding one in each hand and directing one to his brain and the other to his heart, and fired simultaneously. No cause is known for the deed except the disgrace of his brother.

—The Commissioner of Agriculture has just received from Europe a consignment of choice silkworm eggs, which he will distribute gratuitously to all persons who desire to raise silk worms, and who are so situated that they can do so satisfactorily. He will also be able to furnish books of instruction in silk culture before the sericultural season commences.

—Four men entered the Cisco Bank, in Cisco, Texas, on the afternoon of the 15th, marched the three men who were in the building into one corner, where three of the robbers guarded them, while the other went through the bank and took every dollar in it, a gold watch and other valuables deposited there for safe keeping. The robbers got from $4000 to $6000. After getting about 200 yards away from the bank the robbers fired their pistols, which alarmed the town, and in ten minutes the Marshall and several citizens were in pursuit.

—In Bald Knob, Missouri, on the evening of the 16th, Thomas Waltham, suddenly returning home, found James Blakeny with his wife. Blakeny tried to get out, and shot Waltham three times and one of Waltham's children once. The injured husband shot and killed Blakeny, and then fell mortally wounded. The child may recover. James Taylor, 13 years old, was placed in jail in Covington, Kentucky, on the evening of the 16th, with his mother, charged with the murder of the boy's father at Independence, on the 13th. It appears that Lansing Taylor, the dead man, and his wife were fighting in the presence of James and two elder sons. The woman says she called on her son for assistance, but James was the only one to respond. He seized a gun and struck his father with it. The gun was discharged and Lansing Taylor was killed. The boy says he did not know the gun was loaded. Deputy Sheriff William Thompson was shot and killed at Boston, Colorado, on the 16th, by "Jack" White, "a horse thief," whom he was trying to arrest.

—The special Treasury agent sent to Watertown to investigate the opium smuggling cases is said to have secured evidence that the smugglers have confederates in New York. It is also said that "one or more Covernment officials on the Pacific coast" are involved. A despatch from Chicago says that William B. Tascott has been identified as one of the burglars who killed Amos J. Snell, the millionaire, on February 8th. Tascott is still at large. The posse on the trail of the Cisco, Texas, bank robbers overtook them near Putnam on the 16th, and rode in sight of them for four or five miles, but could not crowd them, as the robbers all had Winchesters and the arms of the posse consisted of pistols and shot guns. It was reported late on the evening of the 16th that the robbers had been surrounded at Battle Creek, between Putnam and Cottonwood, by about [illegible] men. James Parker, Edward [illegible] William Andrews, charged with robbing the Post-office in Salisbury, Maryland, were on the 17th, committed by the United States Commissioner in Baltimore in default of $5000 bail each.

—An explosion of natural gas wrecked the house of Joseph Franklin, on the outskirts of Meadville, Penna., on the morning of the 17th. Mrs. Franklin was severely injured. Some weeks ago Mr. Franklin disconnected the gas pipe, and had the meter removed, but for some reason the pipe was not plugged and the gas escaped into the cellar. On the 17th, Mrs. Franklin went into the cellar with a lighted lamp, when the explosion occurred.

—A boiler on a plantation at Bastrop, Louisiana, exploded on the 17th, killing four men and injuring four others so badly that they are not expected to recover.

—Joseph L. Fitzpatrick, a New York politician, shot himself in a Bowery saloon on the evening of the 16th, and died on the 17th.

50th CONGRESS.—First Session.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 13th bills were reported to provide for the erection of public buildings by contract with the lowest bidder, and for a commission on the alcoholic liquor traffic. A bill was reported and passed for the erection of a building in Washington for the safe-keeping of Government records not required for constant reference. Bills were passed appropriating $350,000 for the extension of the public building at Newark, New Jersey; appropriating $500,000 for a public building in Portland, Oregon, and in relation to certain Indian lands in Colorado. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 14th, the bill to authorize the sale to aliens of certain mineral lands was reported and placed on the calendar. The Blair Education bill was considered, and Mr. Hawley spoke in opposition to it. Pending consideration of the bill to provide for the compulsory education of Indian children, the Senate went into executive session and afterwards adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 15th, the Blair Educational bill was passed—yeas, 39; nays, 29. The credentials of John S. Barbour, Senator elect from Virginia, were filed. The House bill for the appointment of eleven division superintendents of railway mail service was passed with an amendment making the number "two, in addition to those heretofore authorized." After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 16th, the bill appropriating $500,000 for the erection of a lighthouse at or near Diamond Shoal off Cape Hatteras, was passed. A resolution, offered by Mr. Plumb some days ago, requiring the Secretary of War to furnish Senators, on their request, lists of persons to whom copies of the Rebellion Record are to be issued, was passed. One hundred and eight private pension bills were passed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. House of Representatives on the 17th, the Blair Educational bill was received from the Senate and referred to the Committee on Education. The Urgent Deficiency bill was passed, with an amendment offered in Committee of the Whole, directing the Public Printer to enforce rigidly the provisions of the eight-hour law. Mr. Bayne, of Pennsylvania, from the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, reported a joint resolution, which was adopted, authorizing the Secretary of War to appoint a board of three engineers of the army whose duty it shall be to examine in all their relations to commerce the lands known as Smith's Island, Windmill Island and Petty Island, in the Delaware river, between Philadelphia and Camden. The Board shall report to the Secretary of War whether those islands constitute an obstruction to commerce, and, if so, they shall report a plan for the removal of those islands in whole or in part, and for the improvement of the harbor of the port of Philadelphia. Adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House on the 13th, a bill to punish the advertising of lottery tickets in the District of Columbia, after discussion, was referred to the Judiciary Committee, by a vote of 117 to 115. The resolution asking the Treasury Department for information in regard to the refusal of the Canadian authorities to allow American wrecking vessels to assist American vessels when in distress in Canadian canals or waters was reported and agreed to. Adjourned.

In the House on the 14th, Mr. Mills, from the Ways and Means Committee, reported a bill to provide for the purchase of United States bonds by the Secretary of the Treasury, and it was referred to the Committee of the Whole. Bills were also reported and similarly referred for the relief of importers of animals for breeding purposes and for the erection of public buildings in Allentown and Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The bill for the licensing of railroad conductors was reported adversely. Bills were reported from the Committee on Labor "to protect mechanics, laborers and servants in their wages," and to prevent the employment of enlisted men in competition with civilians. Adjourned.

In the House, on the 15th, bills were reported for the establishment of a Bureau of Public Health, and for the payment of $100 bounty to soldiers who enlisted under the act of July 22, 1861, and did not receive bounty. The Urgent Deficiency bill was considered in Committee of the Whole. Pending action upon it the House adjourned.

In the House on the 16th, the bill designating the first Monday in October as the day for the meeting of Congress was reported adversely. The bill to incorporate the Maritime Canal Company of Nicaragua was reported favorably. The Senate amendments to the House bill for the appointment of additional division superintendents of the railway mail servive were concurred in.

CURED BY A MISTAKE.

Heroic Treatment Unintentionally Applied Saves a Young Woman's Life.

It is not generally known that the recent recovery of Miss Lydia Jordan Cincinnati, from diphtheria was the result of a fortunate accident. Outside of a few, the family and a few friends, the serious condition of the young lady was not generally known.

Miss Jordan is one of the most popular young women in Walnut Hills society, and it is said that she will shortly marry a young Avondale man.

About two weeks ago she went to see a friend who was sick with diptheria, and, unthinkingly, sat in the room for over an hour. In a few days she began to show symptoms of the disease, and it soon developed that she had it in the most virulent form.

The family physician, Dr. Disney, began to lose hope, so strong a hold had the disease taken upon her system. Miss Jordan kept getting worse and worse, until finally the doctor found to his utter consternation, that a false membrane was forming in her throat. This is regarded as the worst possible form of the disease, and one which is absolutely incurable.

The rapid growth of the membrane was attended with increased difficulty in breathing. It was gradually closing the air passage. The doctor informed Mr. and Mrs. Jordan that the struggle was over, and the disease had won.

The unhappy parents were almost wild with grief. The girl had been an especial favorite with them on account of her handsome face and sunny disposition. It hardly seemed real to them that she could be lying on her deathbed, with her young life slowly fleeing away with each laborious breath.

The doctor said that in a few hours all would be over. Already the membrane had grown over the throat so that only a hole the size of a large needle remained.

The girl was lying with her head thrown back. The veins in her forehead were swollen, and her face was fiery red. In every curve of her form, in the clutching of her fingers, one could read the agony she was enduring.

Dr. Disney had been very fond of Miss Lydia, and seeing that nothing more could be done he left a phial of medicine "to be used when the breathing had about stopped," and started away. He fully expected never to see the girl again until she lay in the coffin with the whiteness of death in her features. The medicine was some simple restorative that might compel the soul to fret a little longer in the body, but could not do any good.

The medicine was placed on a small table near the bed among a lot a pivals of similar size and shape. The father and mother sat close by the bedside of their dying child. Soon the sound of the breathing grew louder and harsher. The writhing of the frame showed that the end was very near.

Mrs. Jordan started up, took from the table what she thought was the last phial the doctor had left, and measuring out a dose poured it quickly down her daughter's throat.

The effect was instantaneous and horrible. The girl writhed and quivered as she had not before. Her finger nails tore into her flesh. Her face grew black and her wide, staring eyes fairly started from their sockets. No scream issued from the lips. It was the personification of mute agony. This only lasted for a minute.

Suddenly there was a sharp cracking sound. The girl's body lifted itself from the bed. There was a terrible gasp, a groan, and then a fit of racking coughing. The swollen veins began to subside, the black color of the face changed to a dull red, the eyes slowly closed and the girl began to breathe again.

While this was happening and the girl was at the very height of her suffering, the mother looked at the bottle whose contents had produced this terrible effect. To her horror she discovered that, by mistake, she had given the girl a large dose of aqua ammonia, a sufficient quantity to have suffocated a well person.

The doctor was immediately sent for, and when he arrived was told what had been done. To his astonishment he found the girl resting easy and looking far better than she had for a week. Her lips and the lining of her mouth were burned by the ammonia, as her throat must have been also. An examination into Miss Jordan's condition showed that although she was very weak, yet her throat was comparatively clear and there was every indication of certain recovery.

On the cover in front of her the doctor found the false membrane which had been the cause of all the trouble, and which the girl had ejected in that last paroxysm.

A German Legend.

There was once a poor, but very honest, contented and merry kind of man in the village of Tilleda, who happened to be giving a christening feast, for about the eighth time, to some of his neighbors. Desirous of showing all respect to the party at the christening, he set before them the best country wine he possessed, which, being quickly despatched, his guests seemed to be looking for a little more.

"Go, then," said the father to his eldest child, a girl about about sixteen years old, "go and bring us some better wine from the cellar."

"From what cellar, father?" inquired his daugter.

"What cellar, child?" repeated her father, merely in jest, "why, the great wine cellar, belonging to the old knights upon the Kyffhausen."

With perfect simplicity the young maiden took a firkin in one hand, and proceeded toward the mountain. About middle way, seated on an old deserted path leading down toward the spot, she found an aged housekeeper, dressed in a singular, quaint fashion, with a large bunch of keys hanging at her side. The young woman paused, not a little surprised at the sight; but the old lady inquired of her very kindly whether she had not come to fetch wine from the knight's cellar.

"Yes," replied the timid girl, "but I have got no money."

"Come with me," said the old housekeeper; "you shall have it for nothing; and better wine than your father ever bought in his life."

They both then proceeded along an old, deserted road, the old lady inquiring very particularly, by the way, what the appearance of things then was in Tilleda—who was alive, and who was dead.

"Once," said she, "I was as young and pretty as thou art, before I was kidnapped and buried under ground by the knights, or, rather, night-riders who stole me away from the very house that now belongs to thy father. Shortly before this, they had also seized four young ladies of these parts, who were often afterward seen about here on their richly-caparisoned steeds. They were entrapped and carried off in open day by these mountain knights as they were coming from church at Kelba. They made me, as I grew older, into the housekeeper, and entrusted me with the keys of the cellar, which, you see, I still wear."

By this time they had reached the cellar door, which the old housekeeper unlocked. It was a fine, spacious cellar, and on both sides it was well laid out with rows of vats and butts. Most of them were either quite, or more than half full, and broaching one of them with great dexterity, she took the little firkin and filled it up to the brim.

"There," she said, "take that to your father; and whenever he may happen to be giving a treat, you may come again; only see that you tell no one, besides your father, where you have it from. And moreover, take heed that you sell none of it, nor give it away, for in neither case will it be worth anything at all. If any one ventures hither too btain wine for sale, let him be warned; his last bread has been baked—now go!"

Unluckily, just opposite to them lived the landlord of the village inn, who dealt as largely as he could in adulterated spirits. He, among others had also a taste of the knights' wine.

"My friend, you might mix this with ten times its body of water and sell it for good wine still. Where can you contrive to get it from?"

He resolved to watch; and he followed the daughter as she went, for about the fourteenth time, with her little firkin, toward the Kyffhausen hills. He hid himself, and saw her come the exact way from the old cellar, with her firkin quite full shortly afterward. Accordingly, next evening he set out himself, having first rolled into a little cart one of the largest empty barrels he could find, intending to fill it with the same precious kind of liquor. He thought it would be easy to convey it down hill and he made a vow to return every night until the cellar became empty. As he approached the spot where he had marked the path the day before, the sky suddenly began to grow dark and lowering. The wind rose and whistled portentuously of the gathering rain, which soon fell in torrents. The tempest carried him and his barre from one side of the road to the other. At last, down the hill he went, and continued to fall deeper and deeper until he finally found himself lodged in a burial vault.

Here appeared an awful procession before his eyes—a regular funeral, with a bier hung with black, and his wife and four neighbors, whom he recognized easily enough by their gait and garments, followed in its wake. At this sight he very naturally fainted away; and on recovering, some hours afterward, he still found himself in the dimly lighted vault, and heard the old familiar steeple-bells of Tilleda striking twelve. Now he knew that it was the witching hour and that he was then lying under the church and the burial ground of the village, in a gloomy vault. He was certainly more dead than alive, and scarcely ventured to breathe. But, see! a monk now approaches him slowly down the narrow steps, opens the door, and in perfect silence puts some money into his hand, and then, taking him up in his arms, he laid him down at the foot of the mountain. It was a cold, frosty night. By degrees the good host came a little to himself, and crept, without either wine or wine casks, as far as home. It struck one just as he reached it; and he felt himself so unwell that he must take to his bed. In the course of three days he died, and the money which he had brought home, given him by the ghostly monk, was just sufficient to defray his funeral expenses; his wife and the four neighbors, as he had seen them, following him to the grave.

Children of the Gypsies.

Along with unconscious native ethical healthfulness comes such physical care as we advanced people know nothing of. Because the gypsy mother and father are themselves perfect types of good health healthy children are born to them. Because every gypsy woman on earth is loyal to her mate many children are born to them. Because the instinct of fatherhood, motherhood, partnerhood is inviolable with husband and wife gypsies love this to be so, and the care and affection for gypsy children are remarkable. From the moment the babe is born until it is upon its own legs for good it is constantly rubbed and stretched and kneaded, that every muscle may have proper action and developmen. Thesame noble practice exists among the Pennsylvania Dutch. In began with the latter behind the Swiss mountains centuries ago, and it would be an interesting research for the student of men to ascertain if this precisely identical gypsy and Pennsylvania Dutch custom had not at some time the same Oriental origin beyond the Himalayas.

It is reported that a Russian Jew, by birth and only nineteen years old, the son of a watch-maker has invented a watch that goes by electricity, and which is declared by the Professor of Physics at the University of St. Petersburg, to be an instrument of wonderful simplicity and value.

If Maidens But Knew.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn
And thought with nervous dread
Of the piles on piles of clothes to be washed,
And the dozen of mouths to be fed,
There's the meals to get for the men in the field,
And the children to fix away to school,
And all the milk to be skimmed and churned,
And all to be done this day."

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was wet as it could be,
There were puddings and pies to bake
And a loaf of cake for tea,
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said:
"If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They'd not be in haste to wed."

"Annie, what do you think I told Ned Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well—
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eyes half bashfully fell.
"It was this," and, coming near, he smiled;
"It was this: That you are the best
And the dearest wife in town."

The farmer went back to the field,
And the wife, in a smiling, absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung in many a day.
And the pain in her head was gone, and her clothes
Were as white as the foam of the sea
And her butter as sweet and golden as it could be,

The night came down—
The good wife smiled to herself as she said:
"'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love
It is not strange that maids will wed."

HOW AMELIA WAS CAPTURED.

One evening last Winter as I was impatiently walking up and down the platform at a Paris railroad station, waiting for the 7:30 express train, I received a tremendous thump on the back. I turned around, and lo and behold! it was my friend Jacques.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Nice."

"I am going to Nice, too."

"That is first rate. We will travel together."

The train had in the meantime arrived, and as we went to take our places in the coupe, we passed the postal car.

"I shouldn't like to be employed in one of those postal cars with all those dirty letter bags. They have to stand up all the time, too. I should think they would be tired out," I remarked.

"Yes, it is not agreeable to travel in one of those cars. I traveled two hundred miles in one of them once, and I don't think I ever suffered as much in my life."

"How did that happen?"

"It's a right funny story. Let us get our places, and then I'll tell you all about it."

We got into the coupe, and Jacques told the following yarn, which I think is worth repeating.

"At the time to which I refer," said Jacques, "I was acquainted with a certain blonde countess. You know her, because several times I caught you trying to flirt with her. She was living at that time at her villa near Var. Her name is Amelia. We used to write to each other daily. I wrote to keep her thoroughly informed of the fact that I loved her madly. She wrote to me because life is very tedious out in the country, and she had to do something to kill time. Her letters were rather cold, and I was much afraid that she was not going to make much of an effort to reciprocate my affections. Just at this crisis I was carrying on a correspondence of pretty much the same character with another lady whose name was not Amelia, but Louisa, and who was living in Normandy."

"A nice man you are."

"It is the prerogative of innocence to project the initiatory boulder," responded Jacques, lighting a cigarette.

"I suppose you mean to quote that 'he who is without sin among you should cast the first stone.'"

"Just so," resumed Jacques. "Miss Louisa, of Normandy correspondent of mine, was no countess. Neither was she a blonde. We had reached that point in our correspondence when she felt it incumbent on her to inform me almost every day that she loved me for myself alone. I replied very cooly and indifferently, for I was desirous of giving her no encouragement whatever. I was trying to give Louisa what is known as the cold shake, but I wanted to do it genteelly, as a gentleman should."

"I presume the countess is the one that had the most money," I remarked cynically.

"You are a good guesser. The countess was very wealthy, and Louisa was not. Poor Louisa! I did hate so to go back on her. It was not her fault, nor mine either, for that matter, that she was impecunious. There was something about her looks that reminded me of the countess," and Jacques sighed heavily.

"What has all this got to do with the postal car?"

"You shall hear. Both of these correspondents of mine had the mania to send me orders to fill. Hardly a day passed that I did not have to buy something and mail it to them. I was at Paris, you know, and they were in the country. I was eternally hunting up samples of dress goods and sending them by mail.

"Well, one morning I got two letters. One full of love and devotion from Louisa. She also wanted me to pick out a sample of merino and send it to her. The other letter was from the countess. It was a very gossipy sort of a document, but there was nothing gushing about it. She also desired me to pick out some samples of silks, and mail them to her. Louisa was merino, and the countess was silk with a big S. That was the difference between them.

"I immediately sat down and composed two love letters—one of them, however, without much love in it. The other letter—the one to the Countess Amelia—was running over with affection and hints at suicide. The one to Louisa was philosophical and non-committal; very much so, indeed. As I had something to attend to, I hurried to a dry goods store, selected the patterns, and put them with the letters in the envelopes, and put them in my pocket. Just at this moment, whom should I see driving past in his buggy but my friend Maxime. He called me to get in. I did so, and just as we were passing the postoffice it occurred to me to post the letters."

"Yes, I begin to understand."

"I got out, bought two stamps, stuck one of them on the letter to the countess, shoved it through the hole, and was about to do the same for Louisa's epistle, when I felt faint. I gasped for air. I had addressed my letters to Louisa to the countess at Var and posted it. In my hand was the letter to the countess with the samples of silk, addressed to Louisa in Normandy."

"You were in a fix."

"Never was in so hideous a fix in all my life. Unless I regained that letter it was all up with the beautiful countess, who, as I told you, was as rich as she was pretty."

"Yes, you told me she was quite wealthy."

"Not only that, but I was really desperate in love with her besides. I went right into the postoffice and asked the clerk to hand me out the letter. The clerk began to cross examine me, and intimated that I was a candidate for the penitentiary. As my answers did not suit him, he refused to hand out the letter. I remembered that I had a friend who was a high official in the postoffice department. I jumped into a hack and was driven to his office. He was not in. Then I went to his residence. I found him, explained matters, and, armed with an official document, drove back to the postoffice. The mail was already made up and on board the postal car. I jumped aboard just as the train moved off. The postal officers in the car, under the impression that I was trying to rob, hurled me to the floor, and while one kneeled on my breast the others choked me and searched me for arms. As soon as I got a chance to speak, I showed my document and explained. Profuse apologies were offered and accepted. However, my collar was torn off, and my clothes suffered in the scuffle."

"Did they give you your letter?"

"The car was packed up to the roof with sacks of mail matter. The official said:

"'My dear sir, from four or five hundred thousand letters, you can't expect us to pick out yours. Besides, we are forbidden under any circumstances to deliver any mail en route.'"

What did you do?"

"There was nothing for me to do except to grin and bear it, I took a seat on the mail bags in order to rest myself, and think the sacks were not as comfortable as a pillow. They seemed to be full of hard and irregular shaped articles mixed up with letters. I wondered if it was possible that I was sitting on the identical bag that contained my affectionate letter to the countess. Perhaps there was nothing between me and that accursed document except an eighth of an inch of leather and I whistled quietly, 'Thou art so near and yet so far.'"

"I should think, Jacques, that your conscience would have troubled you."

"No, my conscience did not trouble me, but my stomach made me wish that I were dead. There is no doubt but that I suffered internally. I am very sensitive about smells, and the car was full of them. There was evidently something rotten in Denmark, as far as the postoffice department is concerned. The worst smell was that damp leather. Judging by the smells in the car, the people of France were in the habit of sending Limburger cheese, sausage seasoned with garlic, and the like, through the mails. It was very warm, damp weather. The motion of the cars made things worse inside of me. In order to be more comfortable the clerks removed their shoes. At last the crisis came on. I put my head out of the window. I needed fresh air. My bosom heaved convulsively. How I wished I had not eaten that hearty breakfast. 'O, Amelia, Amelia!' I groaned, 'how little do you know how my bosom heaves for thee! How little dost thou dream what sacrifices I make on account of my love for thee!"

"You must have enjoyed yourself very much on the excursion."

"That was only the beginning of my suffering," resumed Jacques. "After the spasms and convulsions in my breast had subsided, owing to the vile smells and the racket, I could not get a wink of sleep until about 3 o'clock in the morning. The clerks kept distributing mail all night, and do you believe it, when they came across that letter they woke me up to show it to me, but refused to give it to me. I could have murdered them."

"Did you get it at last?"

"To cut things short, when we got to Lyons the postmaster was very polite, but he said he could not let me have the letter because the order was not signed by the postmaster general. I kept right along with that letter, undergoing all manner of exposure and hardships, until it got to Var, which is a very small country town. I had to ride to that place on a wagon without any springs, alongside of the driver, the letter bag containing that infernal letter I had written to Louisa and addressed to the Countess Amelia being under the seat. I could not bribe the mail carrier, as I had only about twenty francs in my pocket. I intended to make a final appeal to the postmaster at Var, and, if successful, return at once to Paris. The more I thought of this plan, the more I became convinced it would not work. Var was only a few miles from the villa of the countess. You know what gossips these country people are. In a few days at most the countess would hear that a strange gentleman from Paris, without any baggage except a gold headed cane, had arrived at Var and had obtained from the postmaster a letter addressed to her. From the description she would know who it was. That would never do. I learned that half an hour after the mail arrived at Var, a letter carrier set out on foot with the mail for the villa of the countess and the immediate vicinity. I determined to get my letter from the carrier by hook or crook.

"That was a nice way to get to the penitentiary."

"I knew that well enough, but rather than have Amelia read the letter to Louisa I was willing to take any risks. On our arrival at Var the bag containing my letter was turned over to the postmaster. I went to the local tavern and got a square meal. I saw the letter carrier start out on the road to Amelia's villa. I joined him and we soon became quite familiar. He was a dull stupid peasant. I had a flask with me, and, after taking a small drink myself, he took a healthy pull at it. I encouraged him in his debauchery, and in passing through a village I set 'em up again. After two more pulls at the flask he was beautifully drunk, and staggered helplessly. Coming to a gully I tripped him up. He fell like a log. A moment more, and, under the pretext of helping him up, I had opened the bag and secured that long sought letter and shoved it into my pocket. I heard a noise, and looking up I saw a dog cart. There was a lady driving. I felt myself turning pale all over, for the lady was none other than the Countess Amelia herself. She recognized me, but at first she was too astonished to speak. I thought to myself: 'Old boy, if you have got any presence of mind, now is your time to show it.'

"'Great God!' screamed Amelia, 'what has happened? How do you come to be in this condition, Jacques?'

"'Amelia, do you believe in omens? Night before last, while I was writing to you, I heard you call my name three times.'

As I said this tears ran down my cheeks, for I had caught a fearful cold, and pulling out my handkerchief to wipe my eyes, out dropped that accursed letter. I grabbed it and again shoved it into my pocket.

"'You heard me call your name, Jacques?' asked Amelia, her eyes as large as saucers with amazement.

"'Yes, Amelia, and I left on the next train just dressed as I was, to come to you. I thought it was one of those mysterious warnings that notify people of the death of loved ones, and, Amelia, oh, how I love you!' and here I dropped down in the mud on my knees.

The rest of the story is short, continued Jacques. "Amelia's eyes filled with tears at this proof of my devotion, and although I looked like a tramp, she asked me to get into the dog cart with her. I did so and before we got to the villa she had consented to become my wife. That, my friend, is the story of our marriage. I have since told my wife all about it and she laughed until I thought she would have hysterics. I really thought I should have to send for a doctor.

MEMORY'S FREAKS.

Actors Who Forget Their Parts on the Stage.

Almost any pleasant afternoon a dozen or more theatrical people may be seen standing about conversing and joking in front of a certain club house not a great way from Madison square and that part of Broadway where the most elaborately dressed sons and daughters of New York pass in review. One afternoon quite recently one such little party of actors were collected about this spot listening attentively to one of their number, whose gray hair seemed to lend weight to his statements as he held forth.

"It always seemed queer to me," said the speaker, "that somebody doesn't write a book on the psychological aspect of life on the stage. Probably the actor has as large an opportunity of becoming acquainted with curious phenomena of the human intellect as any man that lives. The curious freaks of superstitious fancy that afflict some of the best known actors are old themes of discussion. For instance, some think they can't act if they see a horse of a certain color—not necessarily white, however—or if they don't wear certain clothing, or if they play in a certain house.

"Some actors have played one part so many times that the work becomes entirely mechanical, and they at times forget how far along they have got in the play. Under some conditions of mind the oldest actor is liable to miss his cue or cut a fellow actor out of his lines, even though he may know the play so well that he can repeat the whole thing from beginning to end. I have known even so thorough and careful an actor as Lawrence Barrett, who has played 'Richelieu' thousands of times, I suppose, to get thrown off the track in the first interview between the *Cardinal* and *Julie*, and have to go back to his first speech to get it right.

"Not long ago I heard Frederick Warde, in expatiating on his favorite play, 'Damon and Pythias,' in which he has acted in principal and subordinate parts for 15 years, utterly fail to recall three lines from the very passage he was wont to deliver with the greatest effect from the stage. But the most serious freak of any actor's memory, and the one to my mind furthest from any rational explanation, is the way it will sometimes, and for no apparent cause, utterly refuse to take any impression at all. I remember very well the first experience of that kind I ever had.

"I was in the company of a well-known tragedian of this city, and a change in the caste had given me the part of *Baradas* two days before 'Richelieu' was to be performed. I was fairly familiar with the part, and thought I would have no difficulty in becoming dead perfect in it. I studied all my lengths that night till I knew them quite thoroughly. The next day I went at them again, and to my speechless horror I discovered that all I had committed the previous night had escaped my mind. Read the lines over as often as I would, and strive as hard as I would to impress them upon my memory, not one solitary line would stick. If I should ever become a raving maniac I would never become a more pitiable object than I was that day. I locked myself in my room and refused to eat, while I went over the lines to myself as Nicholas Nickleby went over the apothecary's lines to poor Smike. Toward evening I began to get the better of them, and when I went to the theatre I thought I had them all pat, and regained my confidence and had no anticipation of trouble.

"Imagine my feelings when I discovered, as I heard my first cue, that my whole part had again flown from my mind. I stood before that audience of upturned faces without the first idea of what I should say. At last I found my voice and said something—what, I don't know, but such a version of *Baradas* as I gave them I'm sure no audience ever listened to before, or since. I struggled along, coining sentences as I proceeded, trying to keep what I said in harmony with the general plot of the play, of which I retained a fairly distinct impression. I don't suppose what I said sounded half so bad to others as it did to me, for the people in the wings afterward told me that few persons not familiar with the text would have suspected the spurious character I was presenting.

"As soon as I was off the stage I made a rush for the dressing room, grabbed my play book and laboriously studied my next lengths until I was called out again. It was of no use. I could not recall one word of my part when I got before the footlights again. Desperation came to my aid, however, and I plunged boldly in and got through with an improvision that would have made Bulwer's hair stand on end, without any very bad breaks. That night as I was getting into bed, feeling absolutely disgusted with myself and all creation, every line of my part came back to me like a flash, as clear as though the text was before my eyes, and for weeks and weeks after they haunted me day and night. Indeed, they took such root in my memory that I had all I could do to drive them out when the time came to learn another part.

"This occurred 10 years ago, and I never had another touch of that malady again until last winter. We were trying a new piece 'on the dog' in Providence. We had been rehearsing it for some time, and I felt sure I knew all my part and business as well as I know my name. I was the villain, and in the fourth act was to quarrel with and stab my accomplice in crime, for which I was to be sentenced to death, after confessing all my villainy, in the next act.

"I had a scene with the hero just before the quarrel, and, bless me! if I didn't forget lines, 'business' and everything else, and, jumping away down to the end of the act, I killed the hero. The author of the play, who was sitting in a box, must have been paralyzed at the liberties I took with the text, and the audience must have thought it very odd that the hero should come to life so readily in the next act, and that I should be sentenced to death for having merely tried to kill him. But the 'dog' lived, and I got off with only a 'scorching' from the manager."

Such freaks and lapses of memory are not at all uncommon with people who commit lines to memory. Many clergymen who first write and then memorize their sermons, have been victims of such a *faux pas* of memory. But as actors, by the nature of their profession, do more memorizing than any other set of men, there are more instances of this kind among them than with others. Dion Boucicault has suffered often and acutely from the freaks of his memory, and in describing one instance said:

"Among the hundred and one amusing incidents of my professional life none excel the chapter of accidents that happened at the first presentation of 'The Shaughraun.' Everything went well until my first scene, in which I describe the fox hunt, to attend which Con steals Foley's horse. The public took fire before I expected, and exploded at the wrong place. This upset my equilibrium and I forgot my lines. Turning to Mme. Ponisi, I said:

"What is it?" She replied:

"I don't know." And there we stood. I made up the rest of the speech as best I could, and somehow staggered through it."

Plants and the Electric Light.

According to a Berlin paper some disagreeable results have followed the electric lighting of the Winter palace at St. Petersburg, the intense brilliancy of the light having been found to cause dire destruction among the ornamental plants used for the decorating of the banqueting halls. It appears that the complete illumination of the rooms for a single night is enough to cause the leaves to turn yellow and dry up, and ultimately to fall off. The damage to the celebrated collection of palms at the palace is especially serious. It is supposed that the injury is principally due to the sudden change from the sunless days of the northern winter and from the subdued light of the plant houses to the blinding light of the banqueting halls. It has been shown beyond a doubt that the rapidity of the injurious action and the amount are directly proportional to the intensity of the illumination, and plants standing in niches or other places partially shielded from the light are found to remain uninjured. There is no doubt that the injurious effects of the light are greatly intensified by the dry, artificially heated atmosphere of the rooms, and that they would be minimized, if not entirely obviated, if the plants could be surrounded by a steamy atmosphere, such as that in which they are grown.

A Cute Mouse.

The following mouse story was told our correspondent by the ladies who figured in the case: A few evenings ago three ladies were at the Wabash depot waiting for the 8:30 o'clock accommodation train. One of the young ladies had failed to eat any supper that evening, and the night operator, being aware of the fact, invited her to partake of a portion of his lunch, which invitation she accepted, and on opening the lunch basket a huge mouse jumped out and ran around the room, the three ladies in hot pursuit of the little fellow. All of a sudden the mouse disappeared from sight, and thinking it had got out of the room no more attention was given to it. After returning home, one of the aforesaid ladies was preparing to retire for the night when out jumped the mouse from its hiding-place in the dress skirt. Her anger and fright can be imagined, and to say that she completely paralyzed the mischievous little rascal would be putting it mildly.

—Many of the rich cloth tailor gowns from Paris are most elaborately braided.

—Polonaises are coming more and more into vogue and promises to be one of the leading styles for spring costumes.

FASHION NOTES.

—Brocades have not yet returned to favor for dresses, unless for the trains of reception robes, but for tea gowns they are much sought after.

—Long cloaks are made in a loose shape that follows the outlines of the figure in a graceful fashion, and is also more comfortable than the closely fitted garments. There are but four forms in these cloaks, two in front and two behind, making a sacque like garment, and the sleeves are cut with long points.

—Cinderella dances, that close on the stroke of 12, are one of the features of the London season. These enjoyable affairs are much frequented by young people, who wear the daintiest and prettiest toilets of tulle gauze and satin striped mull, with low or half-high bodices and decorations of flowers or ribbons.

—For evening toilets which are not intended for wear at balls or large entertainments half long sleeves admit of many fancy arrangements. When of black, white or rich broche lace they are trimmed with ribbon crossed, or in bands, and also arrangements to produce the effect of inserted lace puffings or embroidery flaps, with long strings of beads depending from them in Eastern fashion.

—Simple costumes are quite fashionable for young girls made of fancy patterned dark electric-blue vigogne, which is arranged over a dark velvet underskirt. The revers on the front of the bodice are of velvet, embroidered with beads of the same shade, and opened back to show a vest of pale pink Ottoman silk; the back of the bodice is partly of velvet, arranged in a V-shaped plastron, with the vigogne drawn down on each side into the waist in small folds. The introduction of the pink is a success.

—English-looking camisoles, fitting like a glove beneath the Boulanger cutaway jacket or Louis XIV coat, are made of dark green, blue or brown "faced" cloth, trimmed with a very delicate embroidery of gold or silver in a fine arabesque or Greek key pattern. An embroidery pouch of like design in ornamentation, flat and square in shape, is attached to the left side. The collar matches the camisole, and the upper portion of the sleeve is made to reach considerably below the elbow and corresponds with the jacket in fabric. From there emerges a lower half of the sleeve, which is like the under vest in color and garniture.

—Worth and Pingat are making cloth jackets of far more dressy character than those made by London tailors. They use a great deal of passementerie for their trimming in open lace like designs, which is made doubly effective by having lighter cloth than that of the jacket placed under it, as, for instance, dark green cloth has black passementerie in leaf designs laid over the palest Nile green cloth, and the garment is then edged with black Persian fur. These stylish coats are short, single-breasted and very close-fitting, being smooth even over the small tournure that is now so well worn.

—Some rich dinner dresses have recently been made of terra-cotta plushes combined with blue satin embroidered in dull metal, and silks in fade colorings and Moorish effects. A dinner dress was recently shown made of pale-blue faille Francaise and Amber plush. The skirt was brocaded on the edge with gold thread and blue silk thread in a dark shade. The back drapery of plain amber plush fell in severe soft folds over the tournure. The antique bodice was of amber plush and cut high at the throat, being left opened in a plastron square below the collar to disply a short puff of blue silk and a filling of creamy lace. The elbow sleeves of the bodice were finished by a full fall of lace. Dinner dresses follow the rule of dancing dresses; they are generally short. Trained dresses are made chiefly to fill special orders. Reception dresses are always short.

—At this season there is not much novelty, as the old fashions are fading gradually and the new ones are not quite ready for introduction. One favorite material which is not yet out of fashion is watered silk, and there has recently been arranged some stylish evening and dinner gowns of it, making the bodice and train of golden-brown and the waistcoat and front of skirt of pale pink faille Francaise, or of yellow. A panel of the brown watered silk, trimmed with gold and bronze passementrie, goes down the right side, showing the paler color between it and the train, and a scarf of the same half crosses the front, put on in a novel manner. The bodice is richly trimmed with the passementerie. Another gown, handsome in appearance, was of black faille, with panels and bodice trimming of deep crimson velvet, beaded over with cut jet. For young ladies' simple morning gowns are made of fancy vigognes, smartly draped, with side pieces, of plain and flanked by two rows of pounced vigogne, plain and fancy.

—Heavy superb qualities of faille Francaise, Bengaline and corded Victoria silk of richest sheen, in colors of Venetian brown (resembling the old-fashioned "Bismarck" shade) moyenage blue, golden brown with exquisite glints of bronze in it, green in moss and chartreuse, and golden gray, are noted in tailor made gowns sent out by French designers and are commended to correspondents who have asked about handsome toilets for visiting, for *trousseaus* and for 5 o'clock teas. These elegant textiles do not admit of intricate draperies, and the straight panels and flat effects which fashion still favors are peculiarly adapted to this style of material. A Parisian gown of golden-brown faille, made in regular tailor fashion, shows a bodice simply pointed in front, laced down the back, and ending below the waist in a short jabot postilion. Upon the shoulders are very costly epaulets of bronze and golden-brown beads, a dog-collar of the same, and special ornaments on the panels and at the wrists. A fac simile of this gown was displayed in one of moss green corded silk, decorated with green and gold beaded ornaments.

HORSE NOTES.

—The next Congress of the National Trotting Association will be held at Buffalo in 1890.

—Charley Freil, Euclid and Big Injun are being wintered at Exposition Park, Pittsburg.

—Troubadour will not be trained again, although Rogers thinks he would stand a preparation.

—William Allen, of Uniontown, will have Mambrino Clay, 2.27½; Hattie T., 2.29¼; Consul, 2.24½, and T. M. Bland, 2.42, to handle the coming season.

—E. J. Everett, of Deerfield, Mass., has purchased from the Shepherd Knapp estate the bay stallion Glenville, by Messenger Duroc, dam Hattie Hogan.

—Andy Culp is building a livery stable, with 60 feet front, adjoining the stable occupied by the late Mr. Spooner, Broad and Diamond streets, Philadelphia.

—Blue Wing, supposed to have broken down in the Brooklyn handicap, is apparently nearly all right again, and it is thought he will stand the training ordeal.

—Montana Regent is pronounced sound and all right by the veterinarians who have been attending him. The leg which gave him so much trouble it is thought will stand the ordeal of training.

—The partners composing the Chicago Stable, George Hankins and J. S. Campbell, have entered into a written agreement not to bet on horses outside of their own except both should be interested.

—The Monmouth Park Association has given away $790,000 in added money during the last six years; 1882, $85,000, 1883, $115,000; 1884, $115,000; 1885, $125,000; $1886, $150,000; 1887. $169,500; 1888, $200,000.

—Two hundred and sixty horse-owners and 119 jockeys are to be debarred from the tracks of the big jockey clubs next season for having engaged in racing at the half-mile tracks at Clifton and Guttenburg.

—Ed. Corrigan's Modesty will not be seen at the post again. She was windbroken all last season, showing but little improvement up to the close. She is now at Lexington, and will be bred in the spring to The Ill-Used.

—T. W. Ogden has purchased the famous brood-mare Peri and her weanling from R. Burgher, of Glendale, O. Peri is the dam of Alice Taylor, 2.30. She is a brown mare, foaled in 1867 by Edwin Forrest, dam Waterwitch.

—Competition is the life of trade. With Belmont and Point Breeze Courses under new managements the public expect to see some good and square trotting next season, and not any of the heretofore "put up jobs" to "skin" the public.

—A new trotting circuit, known as the Ohio and Indiana Field of Fairs, was organized at Kendallville, Ind., the second week in February. The places represented are Fort Wayne, Goshen, South Bend, Angola, Tolodo, Waterloo, Lagrange, Lagonier, Kendallville, Montpelier and Hicksville.

—The case of Frank McLaughlin, brother of the champion jockey, bids fair to attract considerable attention ere long. He has ridden at the half mile tracks, but only four or five times, and is now anxious to be reinstated, as he could, if not under the ban, get employment in good stables. He can ride at 110 pounds.

—Dr. J. W. Madara, proprietor of Twin Springs Stock Farm, Baker's Summit, Bedford county, Pa., has sent us a nicely arranged catalogue of his stock. The stallion list is headed with Windsor (2.29), sire of Windsor M. (2.20¼) and others. It contains a number of choicely bred brood-mares and colts.

—Charles Dickerman has engaged to drive for Antonio Terry, the wealthy Cuban planter, and will shortly start for Paris, taking Mollie Wilkes (2,22¼), by Young Jim, and several other fast ones with him. These arrangements were made by William Reading, of Havana, Cuba, the agent for Mr. Terry.

—Walter T. Chester, compiler of "Chester's Complete Trotting and Pacing Record," has credited Prince Wilkes with five races only for 1887. Prince Wilkes won six. He won at Utica, Albany, Springfield, Detroit, St. Louis, and finished the season by beating Belle Hamlin, 2.13¾, and Lowland Girl at Lexington.

—The track of the Buffalo Driving Park will be newly graded on a plan that, it is believed, will make it the fastest in the country. The first quarter will have a gradual ascent of eleven inches; the third quarter will be perfectly level, and the last quarter will have a gradual descent of fifteen inches.

—John Madden has purchased in England the stallion Warlock, by Belmont, out of Waterwitch by Pilot, Jr. Warlock will be trotted next season for a record, and then will do stud duty in Kentucky. Warlock was sold about two years ago by Robert Steel to an English gentleman for $5000. It has been said that Madden and his partner paid $10,000 for him.

—The Executive Committee of the Driving Club of New York has decided to claim September 18, 19, 20 and 21 as the dates for the fall meeting. The club will give two $5000-stake races—one for the 2.25 class, known as the Fleetwood stakes, and the other for the 3-minute class. The entrance to stake will be placed at 7½ per cent. of purse, and will close in April, horses to be named on the first day of August. There will also be another $5000 purse offered for a class race.

—In England the railway companies are urged to "concede to owners of horses the privilege of sending over their systems at reduced rates breeding mares for service." The argument is that if the concession were made mares would be sent to the best horses in the country and improved breeding would be promoted. If this argument is sound in England, why should it not be sound in the United States?

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

CENTRE HALL, PA. THURS, FEB. 23, 1888.

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms.

A company was incorporated in Baltimore which proposes to send merchandise and mail by electro automatic power over an elevated railway, on cars which cannot run off, and to make the time of transit from Baltimore to Washington ten minutes.

"We gave the Democrats an overflowing treasury, and they don't know what they desire to do with it," said Mr. Sherman at Columbus on Lincoln's birthday. That is one way to look at it, to be sure, but this overflowing treasury is the result of needless and oppressive taxation which the Republicans also "gave the Democrats," and which the Democrats propose to reform. These high taxes have promoted and nourished John Sherman's stout friends, the monopolists and trusts, every one of which President Cleveland declares presents a clear case "for an easy reduction of taxation."

THE DIRECT TAX BILL.

After a lively discussion the house judiciary committee decided to report favorably the senate bill to refund the direct tax, having amended it by striking out the paragraph which makes it unlawful for the governor of a state to pay over upon contracts made by attorneys for the state any of the money paid to him in trust for the people of the state Mr. Oates will in all probability present a minority report on the subject.

This bill would bring to our state treasury about $1,900,000, and pay off quite a slice of our state debt.

LIBBY PRISON TO BE MOVED.

A company has been formed with a capital of $400,000 to bring to Chicago the old Libby Prison building in Richmond The building is now the property of the Southern Fertilizing company and can be bought for $23,000 The proposed purchase includes not only the original store of Libby & Son, but the building adjoining, which comprise the entire prison.

The buildings will be taken down in sections, and every nail will be carefully withdrawn, each beam, door and window will be set in its exact position. Even the mortar will be used in rebuilding. The enterprise will cost, it is estimated, something like $200,000. This memorable building it is proposed to surround with another building 200x150. It will have a glass roof after the fashion of the big cyclorama buildings. The idea is to make it a perfect museum of the late war, containing elaborate collections of relics and panoramic views of engagements that took place during the rebellion. The contract for the building and property will be closed this month; and the managers hope to have the original chandlery shop of Libby & Son on exhibition soon.

The building is practically unchanged since war times and as solid as ever notwithstanding its advanced age. It is a sturdy structure with walls twenty inches thick. The checker-boards cut by the Union prisoners are still to be seen on the solid oak planks, while its interior is entirely covered with the names of the inmates during the terrible struggle. While the building is being razed every bit of material will be numbered and photographs will be taken at every stage of the work as a guide to the workmen in rebuilding.

SMALL BEGINNINGS OF MEN WHO NOW OWN BIG BARRELS.

The Chicago News speaking of the millionaires of that city, says:

Instances of lowly beginnings are not rare in the list of Chicago millionaires. J. W. Doane, the president of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Company, began his commercial career in Chicago a very small dealer in peanuts. W. M. Hoyt, the wholesale grocer and founder of the immense tea trade between Chicago and China, in his youth kept a little apple stand at the door of the old Richmond Hotel on Lake Street. L. J. Gage's first work was as a carpenter in his father's box factory on the West Side. The Libby brothers, the immensely rich packers, started as working butchers. Jacob Rosenburg, the capitalist, and Levi Rosenfeld, who died last summer, whose great fortunes were largely increased by their share in the Michael Reese $11,000,000 estate, were both peddlers, and caried packs about the surrounding country.

H. A. Kohn, the head of the big whole, sale clothing house on Franklin Street was also a peddler. N. K. Fairbank boasts that he can lay a brick now as well as in his youth, when he worked as a mason. C. H. McCormick and Leander J. McCormick were foundry men The first shop they owned was a small shed on North Water Street, East of Rush. B. P. Hutchinson earned his youthful wages as a shoemaker. Nelson Morris blacked boots and chores around a small inn in the old Sherman stock yards. C. B. Farwell's first employment in Chicago was as the smallest clerk in George Smith's bank on Lake Street Conrad Seipp, the millionaire brewer was a common brewery hand, and his partner, Lehmann, was a carpenter Jerome Beecher was a common working man. John T. Lester was a clerk in A G. Downes' dry goods store.

POLICE AND PIRATES.

A Thrilling Battle on the Chesapeake Bay. Death of a Pirate Captain.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 20.—A battle occurred n the Chesapeake Bay on Saturday night between the pirate oyster dredgers and the police boat Folly, which resulted in the death of Capt. Wm. Frank Whitehouse, whose home was in Baltimore, at No. 809 North Carolina street. Capt. Whitehouse was a native of Norfolk, but hnd been a resident of Baltimore for years. He was in command of the oyster schooner Albert Nickel of this city. When the Nickel towed into Annapolis harbor this morning the scene upon the deck was a warlike one.

On the deck lay the dead body of Capt. Whitehouse, covered with a heavy tarpaulin. Alongside the canvass lay a number of sixteen-repeating rifles, and scattered all over the desk were the empty shells of discharged cartridges. Parallel with the bulwarks of the Nickel ran a crimson stain.

Saturday night, about 8 o'clock, the Folly, Captain George W Clarke, of the State fishery force commanding, lay in her beat off Hackett's Point. From Sandy Point, a mile away, came the sound of falling and winding of dredgers, showing that there was unlawful work going on on the bar.

The Folly weighed anchor. As she approached the captain saw seven veasels on, Sandy Point, and heard a voice say: "Here comes Clarke. What rae you going to do?"

The answer came from the Nickel: "Stand your ground, surround him and don't let him take you."

The Folly came up and called to the Nickel to heave to. Her captain refused to do so and put on more sail to make off. Meantime the other vessels disposed themselves so as to surround the Folly. Captain Clarke avoided this by tacking and keeping along with the Nickel.

Being within thirty yards of the vessels Captain Clarke hailed Captain Whitehouse to surrender. Finding that the Nickel had no intention to surrender. Captain Clarke ordered his men to fire into the rigging of the Nickel.

Four or five shots were then fired. Then the Nickel opened on the Folly. She was joined in the attack by two others of the dredgers, and for ten minutes the Folly engaged the three vessels in a fight of the warmest character.

LICENSE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The New Law Differently Interpreted by the County Judges.

HARRISBURG, Feb. 20.—The new license law of this State is just going into effect in the various counties, and nearly every judge puts a different interpretation upon it. For example, in Lehigh county Judge Albright rules that under the act of 1887 there is no distinction between the licenses of hotels and restaurants. Under the old law restaurants lincenses gave authority to sell malt liquors and light wines only, while hotel licenses added the right to sell spirituous liquors and all kinds of intoxicants. In some counties the judges have become more stringent under the new law, and fewer licenses nave been granted, but in this county Judge Simonton, whose license court closed last week, granted license to every applicant, and there will be at least thirty more licensed houses in the county this year than last. During the sitting of the court a memorial was presented, signed by all the preachers in the city, protesting against the issue of any licenses. The fact that all applications were granted is therefore regarded as significant. The result is a large increase in the revenues of the State and county. Judge Simonton does not agree with Judge Albright in the scope of a restaurant license, but holds them to the old regulation.

ANOTHER FIRE AT PROVIDENCE.

The Theatre Comique Burned Down and Actresses Lose Their Wardrobes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 20.—The Theatre Comique in this city was burned down early yesteday morning. Being a wooden building the flames made short work of it. The members of the Lily Clay Burlesque Company lost all their costumes. Manager McGee puts his loss at $15,000, on which he has $6,500 insurance. Mr. Rhinehardt's violin, which he valued at $1,000, was burned. The whole block was much damaged.

The records of the original prospectors of the town of Providence, which went back to the original parcelling of the land by Roger Williams and his companions, were destroyed in Wednesday's fire.

Not Willing to Starve to Death.

BILLINGS, Mont., Feb. 21.—The laborers of the delinquent Rocky Fork and Cooke City Railroad who did not receive their pay have been supported by Yellowstone County for the past month. The County Commissioners refused to issue any more meal tickets. Upon hearing this a mob of 100, by threats of personal violence, forced the Chairman of the Board to guarantee two more days' food. Incendiarism and riot are feared by the citizens and danger is imminent. The road's director's are all in New York. No satisfaction can be obtained from them by wire.

The Dead Woman Identified.

CAMDEN, N. J., Feb. 20.—The body of the woman found lying in a ditch in the lower part of Camden has been identified as that of Mrs. Helen Devans. The post-mortem shows her neck to be broken and it is thought that she was murdered and her body placed in the ditch. She had been twice married, the last time unhappily, and was living as domestic with a family on Fourth street, at the the time of her death. Mrs. Devans was a woman of good character.

Heavy Gale on the Northeastern Coast.

CHATHAM, Mass., Feb. 18.—A heavy southwest gale has prevailed since midnight. A large three-masted schooner is ashore outside, five miles north of Chatham lights. She is apparen' loaded and bound south. In beating past she stood in too near the shore. She lies well upon the beach at low tide, and has been boarded by a crew from Nauset life-saving station, and if assistance is promptly rendered is likely to be floated without damage.

A Shoemakers' Assembly Suspended.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 20.—There were only 150 of the 3,000 shoemakers working in the city Saturday in the shops of the Association. Jackson Assembly, shoemakers, has been suspended, and Master Workman Burke will probably be expelled from the order. It is expected that Jefferson Assembly, finishers, will also be summarily dealt with by District Master Workman Cavanaugh.

Agreed to Go to Work.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Feb. 20.—The miners' strike is over, the settlement agreed upon between Master Workman Lewis and President Corbin has been ratified by the miners of the Shenandoah Valley and work will be resumed to-day.

$60,000 Fire in Ocola, Fla.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Feb. 18.——A fire in Ocola yesterday destroyed fifteen business houses and offices. The loss is about $60,000, with insurance for half of it. The cause of the fire is unknown.

THE IRISH CAUSE AT ROME.

The Pope Hears the Arguments of Both the English and Irish.

ROME, Feb. 20.—There is a hard struggle between England and Ireland for ascendency at the vatican. Great bitterness has been caused by the apparent success of the Duke of Norfolk's recent efforts and by the suspicion that Mgr. Agliardi, the Archbishop Cæsarea and certain Roman prelates are in the pay of the British government and are giving information to the London press.

A dignitary at the Propaganda gives the following *resume* of the controversy:—

"At the Propaganda," he says, "the Irish question is known to be giving the Holy Father the gravest preoccupation. Catholic Ireland—by which Pope Leo means not only Ireland but Irishmen all over the world—is providentially marked out as a missionary of the Christian idea. Wherever Irishmen go they build a church and spread the gospel. They support Catholic interests are in two hemispheres. Even in England the priests are mostly of Irish descent. In the colonies the Church would have languished had not the Irish clergy come to the rescue. Such being the case, it behooves the Vicar of Christ not to crush the nationalist movement.

"The other side of the question, as urged by the Duke of Norfolk, shows that home rule is only another word for separation. The fact that special penal laws no longer exist, and every Irishmen enjoys the privileges of a British subject, proves that there is no inherent principle of persecution in England's dealings with Ireland.

"Moreover, a party has arisen in England, headed by Gladstone, prepared to take up the Irish question in the largest sense. Such being the case, and Scotland being as much an integral part of the United Kingdom as Ireland, it would be fatal to the interests of the Holy See and its Catholic subjects all over the world to allow it to go forth that the Pope is on the side of rebellious agitation.

"In conclusion, the English party at the Vatican draw a parallel between the section of the Holy See in Germany and its influence for good between Ireland and England."

STARVATION IN JAIL.

Two Members of the House of Commons Released From Prison Half-Starved.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—R. Cuninghame Graham, Member of Parliament for Lanarkshire, and John Burns, the socialist leader, who were convicted of having taken part in an unlawful assembly in Trafalgar Square and were sentenced therefor to six weeks imprisonment each, were released from the Pentonville prison Saturday. A crowd had gathered around the prison, and when the men emerged they were given an ovation. Upon being set at Liberty both rushed to an obscure coffee house and ate an enormous breakfast. They declared that they were almost starved while in prison.

DUBLIN, Feb. 20.—Mr. John Hooper, member of Parliament for Cork and editor of the Cork *Herald*, who was sentenced to a term of two months imprisonment for publishing in his paper reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League, was released from Tullamore jail Saturday. During his incarceration he was punished for refusing to consort with criminals.

The Prince May Live to Wear the Crown.

BERLIN, Feb. 20.—An official bulletin says the wound in the Crown Prince's throat presents a favorable appearance and is gradually closing. The cough is the same as on Saturday, with a little more expectoration. The patient's appetite is excellent. Other reports state that the cough is troublesome and that the matter expectorated is tinged with blood.

To Be Strangled in New Caledonia.

PARIS, Feb. 20.—The Anarchist Galls, who created a sensation in Paris last year by firing a pistol from the gallery of the stock exchange at the brokers below, and was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude, has been sentenced to death for attacking his guards at New Caledonia with a pickax.

France Fitting Out Her Fighting Fleet.

PARIS, Feb. 20.—*Le Temps* announces that there is great activity in French arsenals. The fighting fleet is being fitted for active service.

Dust and Ashes.

ROME, Feb. 20.—Prince Corte, formerly Ambassador to England, is dead.

LABOR IN CONNECTICUT.

Protected Workmen Complain That the Employers Get All the Profits.

WATERBURY, Conn., Feb 19.—Commissioner S. M. Hotchkiss. of the Connecticut Bureau of Labor Statistics has made public his third annual report. The printed volume contains 494 pages.

The report contains papers on discontent among the laboring class—the first by a capitalist, the second by a Knight of Labor, the third by a member of the Land and Labor League, the fourth by a socialist, and the fifth by a lawyer. The Commissioner reports that workmen complain that their wages are not in keeping with the requirements of the age, though sufficient to clothe, feed and house them, and are not in fair proportion to the profits. He says employers facilitated him in his investigations. The report, in a word, deals impartially with capital and labor alike.

The Weekly Wages law, he says, is obeyed, but he is led to believe there are violations of the Ten-Hour law for women and children. During 1886 71 strikes were successful and 78 failed. Of those which were successful 23 were ordered by labor organizations, and of those which failed 29 were ordered. The average loss by strikes for tix years was $145,348. In 1886, 10 lockouts occurred. The loss to employers by lockouts for six years was about $200,000.

High License in Boston.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 19.—The Metropolitan Board of Police in executive session have increased the fees for liquor license to $1,000 from $800 for all retailers. The three grades of licenses of the first-class are raised from $800, $500, and $350 to $1,000, $600 and $400, respectively. Licenses of the second-class are raised from $175 to $200. Unless the number of licenses falls off, this action will put over $75,000 into the Treasury.

Twelve Firemen Injured.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Feb. 20.—A dozen firemen were severly injured, five of them are seriously, and as many more were bruised in a fire Saturday afternoon. The fire originated in the furniture establishment of Henry Ten Broeck, on Burnett street. The building is owned by Peter Zimmerman, and was valued at $5,000.

Attacking Master Workman Cavanaugh.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 18.—Eight hundred girls and men held an enthusiastic meeting yesterday, and fiery speeches were made in denunciation of Master Workman Cavanaugh of the Knights of Labor, District Assembly, who declared the shoe strike off.

A Merry New Year!!

Old Fathnr Time, like the Harvester, annually gathers in the crop and 1887 like its predecessors has been stored away for reference only. 1888, in its gay and youthful attire is upon us, and with it brings new resolutions, inspiration and vigor. We enter the New Year with the best of wishes towards all and kindly solict a share of your patronage.

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MENTION THIS PAPER.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD— (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 20, 1887.

			WESTWARD.		
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		11 25	p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 20	a m
"	"	Montandon		5 36	a m
"	"	Williamsport		7 10	a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 35	a m
"	"	Lock Haven		7 58	a m
"	"	Renovo		8 50	a m
"	arr at	Erie		3 58	p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia		4 30	a m
"	"	Harrisburg		8 10	a m
"	"	Montandon		10 12	a m
"	"	Williamsport		11 10	a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven		12 10	p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia		7 40	a m
"	"	Harrisburg		11 25	a m
"	"	Montandon		1 14	a m
"	arr at	Williamsport		2 15	p m
"	"	Lock Haven		3 30	p m
"	"	Renovo		4 30	p m
"	"	Kane		8 35	p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia		11 50	p m
"	"	Harrisburg		3 45	p m
"	"	Montandon		5 54	p m
"	"	Williamsport		7 10	p m
"	"	Lock Haven		8 02	p m
"	arr at	Renovo		9 00	p m
		(Sunday Train.			
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia		4 30	a m
"	"	Harrisburg		7 40	a m
"	"	Montandon		9 37	a m
"	"	Williamsport		10 40	a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 34	a m
"	arr at	Renovo		12 30	pm
		EASTWARD.			
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven		7 05	a m
"	"	Jersey Shore		7 35	a m
"	"	Williamsport		8 15	a m
"	"	Montandon		9 17	a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		11 30	a m
"	"	Philadelphia		3 15	p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane		6 25	a m
"	"	Renovo		10 20	a m
"	"	Lock Haven		11 15	a m
"	"	Williamsport		12 20	p m
"	"	Montandon		1 22	p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg		3 15	p m
"	"	Philadelphia		6 50	p m
RENOVO ACC'N	leaves	Renovo		4 05	p m
"	"	Lock Haven		5 05	p m
"	"	Williamsport		6 20	p m
"	"	Montandon		7 23	p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg		9 30	p m
"	"	Philadelphia		4 25	a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sunday.

ERIE	MAIL	leaves	Erie	2 45	p m
"	"	"	Renovo	11 00	p m
"	"	"	Lock Haven	11 58	p m
"	"	"	Williamsport	1 25	a m
"	"	"	Montandon	2 27	a m
"	"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30	a m
"	"	"	Philadelphia	8 25	a m

‖Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

—Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

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Westward.							Eastward.		
P M	A. M.	A. M.	STATIONS.	A M	P. M.	P M			
1 30	10 15	15 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 4			
1 40	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	12 55	5 38			
1 48		6 20	Biehl	8 51		5 22			
1 55		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 25			
2 05		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08			
2 20		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53			
2 30		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43			
3 03		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08			
3 15		7 52	Coburn	7 27		3 56			
3 25		7 58	Zerby	7 19		3 45			
3 35		8 10	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35			
4 45		8 18	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27			
3 54		8 25	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20			
3 59		8 33	Gregg	6 48		3 13			
4 08		8 42	Linden Hall	6 38		3 05			
4 15		8 48	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00			
4 19		8 52	Lemont	6 25		2 55			
4 25		8 59	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50			
4 35		9 09	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40			
4 41		9 14	Axemann	6 04		2 34			
4 45		9 20	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30			

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 6.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a, 6.00 p m and 7.30 p m.

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G. B BRANDON, Prop.

AUDITORS NOTICE—The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Centre county to make distribution of the funds in the hands of the administrator of the estate of the late Henry Vonada, of Haines twp., dec'd. hereby gives notice that he will meet the parties in interest at his office in the borough of Bellefonte, on Friday, February 17, A. D., 1888, at 10:30 a. m., for that purpose

FRANK E. BIBLE,
Auditor

J. H. KINDRY,

o)—SHOEMAKER,—(o
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I have opened a Shoemaker Shop in Deininger's building, above Harper and Kreamer's Store, and am prepared to attend to all kinds of work pertaining to my trade. Work attended to PROMPTLY. Prices reasonable. Give me a call

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The property is offered along with store goods or store goods will be sold separate and building offered at rent. This is a splendid location and will be offered at a bargain. For further particulars address H. P. KORMAN,
Oak Hall Station

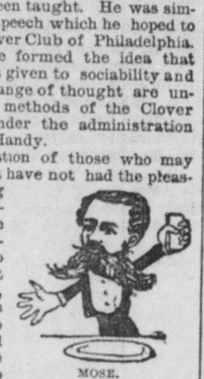
BILL NYE IN CLOVER.

His First Appearance Before a Hilarious Philadelphia Club—How the Skittish Cloverites Take the Starch Out of an Oratorical Swell—But Bill Managed to Make a Few Gestures and He is Proud of Them—Larry Jerome's Bad Manners—The Oratorio of the Derby Ram.

It is now an historical fact, says Bill Nye in the New York *World*, established by means of research, acrostics and cryptograms, that when Demosthenes went on to the beach and practiced for weeks with his mouth full of pebbles, striving to outbellow the billows and patiently clinging to the thread of his discourse even while the loud boom of the breakers caught up his shrill remarks and hurled them into space, he was not preparing to make an impression upon the history of his time as we have been taught. He was simply rehearsing a speech which he hoped to deliver at the Clover Club of Philadelphia.

People who have formed the idea that Philadelphia is not given to sociability and a cheerful interchange of thought are unfamiliar with the methods of the Clover Club, especially under the administration of Moses Purnell Handy.

For the information of those who may read this piece, yet have not had the pleasure of addressing this successful organization, let me say that it is a custom of the club to invite eminent statesmen, poets, judges, humorists and other freaks to come to its annual dinners and make speeches. The club assists in the delivery of these speeches, adding thoughts of its own as the orator proceeds, and also making inquiries regarding the personal characteristics of the speaker, which are calculated to divert his attention from what he was about to say.



MOSE.

The only way to speak successfully at a Clover Club dinner, I believe, is to avoid saying what you were about to say.

I had the pleasure of holding a *conversazione* with the Clover Club on the occasion of its sixth annual meeting. I had been led to believe that the air of refinement which people notice about me wherever I go would entitle me to the respect and kind consideration of the club. Even should that fail, however, I thought that no one could help admiring my unwavering confidence in myself, a confidence which is all the more heroic and praiseworthy on my part, because it has not been shared by the general public. It is no great honor to indorse a popular man, but it is certainly meritorious in any one to show confidence in one who needs it very much.

But the Clover Club is not constructed with a view to the building up and fostering of rhetorical industries. It is built upon the moral theory that a man who speaks publicly does so for the edification of the audience. This is a quaint and extremely eccentric idea. Generally it is otherwise. Public speakers arise and enjoy themselves, while the audience, though largely in the majority, has to suffer. If the members of the Clover Club do not like the tendencies of a speech they suggest to the speaker some other line of thought. They do not do so offensively. They approach him in a courteous way so as to avoid giving him pain. Perhaps they sing eleven or twelve verses in reference to the Derby Ram, a table delicacy of which the club is passionately fond, or in some other adroit way they intimate to him that the pleasure of the audience should be consulted before that of the speaker.

I did not know that. I had always before selfishly reveled in the wonderful cadence of my own melodious Skowhegan voice, forgetting that the audience had rights.

The President arose and touchingly alluded to that benign tower of strength to the Republican side in Congress, the Hon. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, and Mr. Reed brushed the crumbs out of his mustache with his napkin, wiped an imaginary fly from his polished intellectual dome—I say imaginary fly, for there are no real flies on Mr. Reed—ate a troche and prepared to respond.

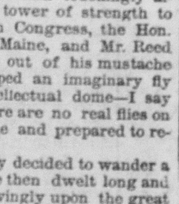
Suddenly Mr. Handy decided to wander a little in his mind. He then dwelt long and lovingly upon the great dramatic achievements of Steele Mackaye, and Mr. Mackaye began to look alarmed and try to think over his piece, while Thomas B. Reed went to eating again with a sigh of relief. Meantime Mr. Mackaye could be heard to think over his lines. He bowed when good things were said about him and was just in the act of arising to respond when the President began to talk about Supreme Justice Clark in the same endearing terms and coquettish style, while Mr. Mackaye returned to his meal.

REED, OF MAINE.

I enjoyed it very much, for I was down at the foot of the table having fun with Dr. Bedloe, and I knew that at this rate, with a hundred guests to be gently scared half to death in that way, I would not be reached before Friday, and I thought that I could get away before that time. It was at this supreme moment, when saturated with a soothing sense of security and congratulating myself on the wonderful way in which Mr. Maltby's dress-suit fitted me, that the president of the club, observing that I had my mouth full of ice which I did not know what to do with, introduced me to the brilliant assemblage.

I felt embarassed and was about to say so, I believe, when Ex-Governor Bunn, who was appointed and received the portfolio as Governor of Idaho solely by reason of his great powers as a conversationalist, said something to me which did not bear upon what I was about to say myself.

While I was thinking of a bon mot which would wipe Governor Bunn from the face of the earth, such as a reference to him as Bunny, and a request that I might be permitted to lay my head in his lap and have a good cry, or something like that, Mr. Jerome, a gentleman from New York, who is sixty-nine years of age, said something which was highly enjoyable, but which at the same time seemed to open up an entirely new line of thought from what I had intended to follow.



OCHILTREE.

I was about to administer a tart rebuke to Mr. Jerome when I happened to remember his greater age and resolved not to do so. My attention was also at this time attracted by the sounds of music. It was a Tyrolean air, and referred to the Derby Ram, which seems to have a wild fascination for the gentlemen of the club, and when such voices as those of Wayne MacVeagh, General Horace Porter, Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree, Colonel McCaull and Colonel McClure join in the refrain, it is well worth going to Philadelphia and sitting up till long after nine o'clock to hear.

So I decided not to speak while these well-known vocalists were engaged in song. As they were encored, they obliged by singing "Maryland, My Maryland," with improvisations by the great impresario, Mr. Jerome.

I then stood on the other leg awhile and tried to recall what I had said, which had reminded the auditors of these songs, but I could not. In all my remarks so far, although I had been on my feet twenty minutes or so, I had carefully avoided saying any thing that would call forth an attack of this kind. I had used no language which would naturally provoke such men as Colonel Taylor or Colonel McClure to song.

I then stood on the other leg, and tried to express in my poor, weak way a few withered thoughts, but I hated to interrupt other people who were engaged in a conversation which reminded me of those delightful little tete-a-tetes for which the Stock Exchange is noted all over the world. So I sat down after repeating and emphasizing what I had previously said, and which is given above.

I was on my feet about twenty minutes, but during that time I can say truthfully that I said nothing which I now regret. People afterwards spoke of my impressive manner, and said I also used rare discretion in avoiding so many unpleasant features which are apt to stir up ill-feeling at such a time.

They named whole columns of things which I had thus evaded, and every one said that if I had erred at all it was in the direction of conservatism. All the members of the club who expressed any opinion about it said that they were in favor of printing my remarks with a rubber stamp.

The Clover Club is one of the most enjoyable and unconventional in the world. Some of the most eminent men of America and Europe have made gestures at these annual dinners.

They have in the possession of the club a silver gridiron costing over $500, I believe, and a loving-cup which passes from one to another early in the evening, and as the lower end of a man's face disappears in this cup, and while he is standing up, his name is called. This is the introduction to the members and the guests.

Many of the greatest and wisest of our public men have quenched their thirst in this loving-cup.

It is an excellent place for the formation of pleasant friendships and the acquisition of knowledge. It is also the only place I know of in America where kindergarten orators, armed with a keen appreciation of themselves and a stentorian voice, obtain a calm and unprejudiced estimate of their abilities.

There can be no more comfortable sensation, I fancy, than to be a guest at one of these annual dinners, with the personal recognizance of the president in your pocket binding himself not to call upon you for a speech and certifying that you have previously had a fair and impartial trial on the charge that you were a good after-dinner speaker and that you have proved an alibi.

BILL NYE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

A Lovely Englishman Who Wears Good Clothes and Lays Over all the Washington Swells.

Washington society will not forget Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in a long while. He has been the observed of all observers at the most exclusive and highly fashionable gatherings this season. Mr. Chamberlain

MR. CHAMBERLAIN IN FULL DRESS.

is an exquisite dresser, wearing the finest broadcloth that can be produced upon English looms. Of course, every thing he wears is English, you know, and the cut of his trousers and the fit of his coat are the despair of all the young bloods in town. Wherever Mr. Chamberlain has deigned to be a guest he has worn the widest shirt front of any one present. His collars, which are also English, are turned down in exactly equilateral triangles of equal size on each side of his chin. His neckties are invariably white silk, barely five-eighths of an inch wide, and always fresh and new. His vests are pure white, cut extremely low and extremely broad, relieved only by the gleam of a gold watch-chain running from the left hand pocket to the top button. Mr. Chamberlain's feet are quite small and slender. He wears patent leather shoes tapering to what is vulgarly called a toothpick point. His shoemaker is an old gentleman in Birmingham who has served him for twenty years. This old shoemaker took a plaster cast of Mr. Chamberlain's feet, years ago, and made lasts from them which are exact counterparts in form to the distinguished ex-Liberal's feet, so that he is able to make shoes of the most perfect fit and of leather hardly thicker than paper, but at the same time very strong and durable.

Mr. Chamberlain is marked invariably by three articles of wearing apparel. He is never seen without an opera hat, closed, in his hand; a large round gold rimmed glass in his right eye, with a delicate thread of gold falling from it and connecting somewhere with the pentralia of his toilet beneath the lapels of his coat. The third characteristic, and an apparently indispensable article of wearing apparel in Mr. Chamberlain's costume is his orchid. Few men in public life can sport an orchid. It is a rare and rather costly decoration; but Mr. Chamberlain has large and well-stocked orchid houses at his home in Birmingham. He wears a fresh blossom every day in the year, sometimes several. On first coming to Washington Mr. Chamberlain hunted up an old Scotch gardener out near Soldier's Home, who was said to have a large collection of orchids, and from him he has had a daily supply. He wears his orchid in his left lapel. Taken altogether, with his fine clothes, his delicate shoes, his gold eyeglass, his opera hat, his orchid and his youthful, boyish face, Mr. Chamberlain is regarded by the girls in Washington society as "simply lovely."

He Held His Breath.

"Piercing cold, isn't it?" he said to his neighbor on the cars.

"Yes."

"Cold 'nuff to freeze a man to death, isn't it?"

"That's according. If he had matches to set his breath afire he would pull through all right!"

The other held his breath until he got off, four blocks further down.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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CHAUNCEY B. REDDICK.

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ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of Administration upon the estate of Wm. C. Love, dec'd, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement. Accounts are in hands of J. S. Houseman, for settlement.

MRS. MARGARET LOVE
J. S. HOUSEMAN,
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When do you start? Where from? How many in your party? What amount of freight or baggage have you? What route do you prefer? Upon receipt of an answer to the above questions you will be furnished, free of expense, with the lowest rates, maps, time tables, pamphlets, or other valuable information which will save trouble, time and money. Agents will call in person where necessary. Parties not ready to answer above questions should cut out and preserve this notice for future reference. It may become useful. Address C. H. WARREN, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., or S. L. WARREN, General Eastern Agent, 287 Broadway, New York.

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AUDITORS NOTICE.—In the Orphans Court of Centre county, in the matter of the Estate of William Boal, dec'd The undersigned an auditor appointed by said Court to make distribution of the balance in the hands of John B. Linn, adm'r. to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Bellefonte, on Friday the 20th day of January, A. D. 1888, at ten o'clock a. m. Parties interested will please take notice. JOHN KLINE,
Auditor.

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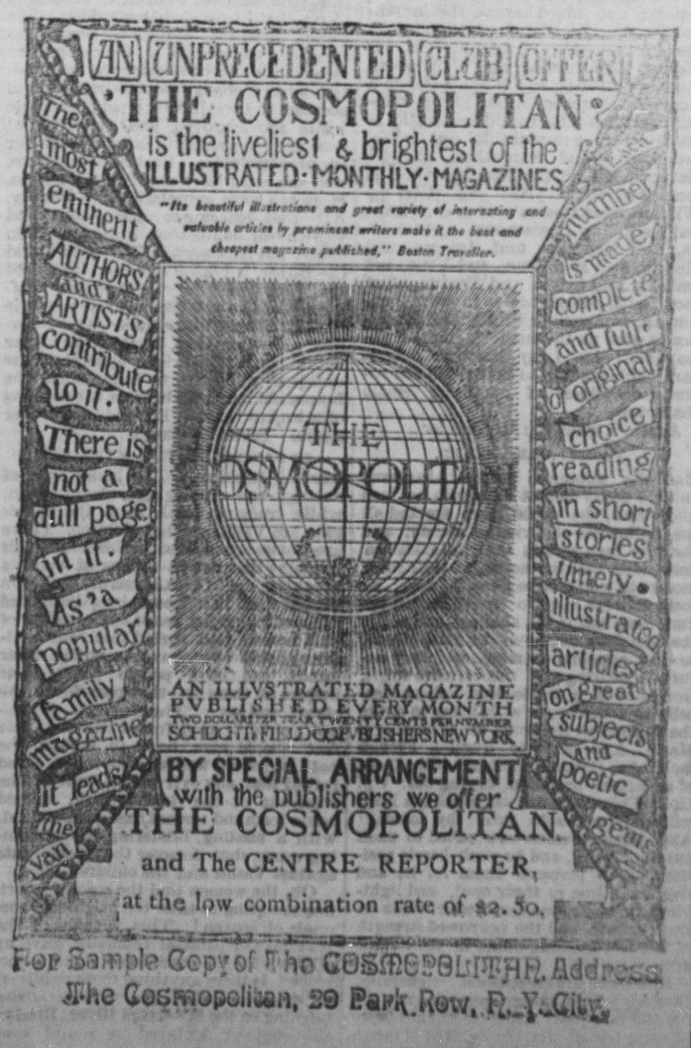
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Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Veil of Modesty.

"The Queen Vashti refused to come." Esther I: 12.

If you will accept my arm I will escort you into a throne-room. In this fifth sermon of the series of sermons there are certain womanly excellencies which I wish to commend, but instead of putting them in dry abstration, I present you their impersonation in one who seldom gets sermonic recognition. We stand amid

THE PALACES OF SHUSHAN.

The pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed, the wealth of empires flashing from the grooves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leap of architectural achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque. Hangings of embroidered work, in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greeness of the grass, and the whiteness of the sea-foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. Amazing spectacle! It seems as if a billow of celestial glory had dashed clear over heaven's battlements upon this metropolis of Persia.

In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are

SEATED AT A BANQUET.

Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honey-suckle and frankincense fills the air. The waters of Eulæus filling the urns, and sweating outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traceries. Wine from the royal vats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of tinged shell, and lily shaped cups of silver, and flagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher, and the revelry breaks out into wilder transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hiccough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards. In another part of the palace,

QUEEN VASHTI

is entertaining the princesses of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants: "You go out and fetch Vashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Vashti come in unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Vashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, of more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to disobey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness, holiness and

MODESTY OF HER NATURE

rises up into one sublime refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Of course Ahasuerus was infuriated; and Vashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin, to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of after generations who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed, and Shushan is a ruin; but as long as the world stands there will be multitudes of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture-gallery of God, and admire the Divine portrait of Vashti the queen, Vashti the veiled, Vashti the sacrifice, Vashti the silent.

In the first place, I want you to look upon Vashti the queen. A blue ribbon rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated

HER QUEENLY POSITION.

It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that. Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! And yet, my friends, it is not necessary to have palace and regal robes in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with stout faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and godless display, going right forward to serve Christ and the race by a grand and glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation; and whether she come up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with the shout: "All hail! Queen Vashti!" What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catharine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory?—or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor old, helpless Naomi?—or of Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah?—or of Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and bridal hour, and lute's throb, and curfew's knell, at the dying day?—and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lane, and in Government hospital, and in alms-house corridor, and by prison-gate? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palatial surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospital and plague-blotched lazaretto in greeting her as she passes: "Hail, Queen Vashti." Among the

QUEENS WHOM I HONOR

are the female day-school teachers of this land. I put upon their brow the coronet. They are the sisters and the daughters of the towns and cities, selected out of a vast number of applicants, because of their especial intellectual and moral endowments. There are in none of your homes women more worthy. These persons, some of them, come out from affluent homes, choosing teaching as a useful profession; others, finding that father is older than he used to be, and that his eyesight and strength are not as good as once, go to teaching to lighten his load. But I tell you the history of the majority of the female teachers in the public schools when I say: "Father is dead." After the estate was settled, the family, that were comfortable before, are thrown on their own resources.

It is hard for men to earn a living in this day, but it is harder for women—their health not so rugged, their arms not so strong, their opportunities fewer. These persons, after tremblingly going through the ordeal of an examination as to their qualifications to teach, half-bewildered step over the sill of the public school to do two things—instruct the young and earn their own bread.

HER WORK IS WEARING

to the last degree. The management of forty or fifty fidgety and intractable children, the suppression of their vices and the development of their excellencies the management of rewards and punishments, the sending of so many bars of soap and fine-tooth combs on benignant ministry, the breaking of so many wild colts for the harness of life, sends her home at night weak, neuralgic, unstrung, so that of all the weary people in your cities for five nights of the week, there are none more weary than the public-school teachers. Now, for God's sake, give them a fair chance. Throw no obstacles in the way. If they come out ahead in the race, cheer them. If you want to smite any, smite the male teachers; they can take up the cudgels for themselves. But keep your hands off of defenceless women. Father may be dead but there are enough brothers left to demand and see that they get justice.

Within a stone's throw of this building there died years ago one of the principals of our public schools. She had been twenty-five years at that post She had left the touch of refinement on a multitude of the young. She had, out of her slender purse, given literally thousands of dollars for the destitute who came under her observation as a school teacher. A deceased sister's children were thrown upon her hands, and she took care of them. She was a kind mother to them, while she mothered a whole school. Worn out with nursing in the sick and dying room of one of the household, she herself came to die. She closed the school-book and at the same time the volume of her Christian fidelity.

QUEENS ARE ALL SUCH,

and whether the world acknowledges them or not, heaven acknowledges them. When Scarron the wit and ecclesiastic, as poor as he was brilliant, was about to marry Madame de Maintenon, he was asked by the notary what he proposed to settle upon Mademoiselle. The reply was; "Immortality! the names of the wives of kings die with them; the same of the wife of Scarron will live always." In a higher and better sense, upon all women who do their duty God will settle Immortality! Not the immortality of earthly fame, which is mortal, but the immortality celestial. And they shall reign for ever and ever! Oh, the opportunity which every woman has of being a queen! The longer I live the more I admire good womanhood. And I have come to form my opinion of the character of a man by his appreciation or non-appreciation of woman. If a man have a depressed idea of womanly character he is a bad man, and there is no exception to the rule.

The writings of Goethe can never have any such attractions for me as Shakespeare, because nearly all the womanly characters of the great German have some kind of turpitude. There is his Mariana, with her clandestine scheming; and his Mignon, of evil parentage, yet worse than her ancestors; and his Theresa, the brazen; and his Aurelia, of many intrigues; and his Philina, the termigant; and his Melina, the tarnished; and his baroness; and his Countess; and there is seldom a womanly character in all his voluminous writings that would be worthy of residence in a respectable coal cellar, yet pictured and dramatized, and emblazoned till all the literary world is compelled to see. No! No! Give me William Shakespeare's idea of woman; and I see it in Desdemona, and Cordelia, and Rosalind, and Imogen, and Helena, and Hermione, and Viola, and Isabella, and Sylvia, and Perdita, all of them with enough fauits to prove them human, but enough kindly characteristics to give us the author's idea of womanhood; his Lady Macbeth only a dark back-ground to bring out the supreme loveliness of his other female characters.

Again, I want you to consider

VASHTI THE VEILED.

Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day, with her face uncovered, she would have shocked all the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, or a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out: Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thy hands," And when women are called to such out-door work, and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it; and they have iron in their soul, and lightnings in their eyes, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord Omnipotent in their right arm.

But these are exceptions. Generally, Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy; Rebecca would rather fill the trough for the camels; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah; Phœbe would rather carry a lettle for the inspired Apostle; Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty—with cheerful dignity presiding at the table; with kind and gentle, but firm, discipline presiding in the nursery; going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Vashti with a veil on." But when I see

WOMEN OF UNBLUSHING BOLDNESS,

loud-voiced, with a tongue of infinite clitter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the street with a masculine swing, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out, "Vashti has lost her veil." When I see a woman struggling for political preferment, and rejecting the duties of home as insignificant, and thinking the offices of wife, mother and daughter of no importance, and trying to force her way on up into conspicuity, I say: "Ah, what a pity: Vashti has lost her veil." When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all that the schools can do for one, and of high social position, yet moving in society with superciliousness and hauteur, as though she would have people knew their place, and an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homeopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry-goods clerks and railrood conductors, discoverers of significant meanings in plain conversation, prodigies of badness and innuendo—I say: "Vashti has lost her veil."

But do not misinterpret what I say into a depreciation of the work of those glorious and

DIVINELY CALLED WOMEN,

who will not be understood till after they are dead, women like Susan B. Anthony, who are giving their life for the betterment of the condition of their sex. Those of you who think that women have, under the laws of this country, an equal chance with men, are ignorant of the laws. A gentleman writes me from Maryland, saying: "Take the laws of this State. A man and wife start out in life, full of hope in every respect, by their joint efforts, and, as is frequently the case, through the economic ideas of the wife, succeed in accumulating a fortune, but they have no children; they reach old age together, and then the husband dies. What does the law of this State do then? It says to the widow, 'Hands off your late husband's property; do not touch it; the State will find others to whom it will give that, but you, the widow, must not touch it, only so much as will keep life within your aged body, that you may live to see those others enjoy what rightfully should be your own.' And the State seeks the relatives of the deceased husband, whether they be near or far, whether they were ever heard of before or not, and transfers to them, singly or collectively, the estate of the deceased husband and living widow."

Now, that is a specimen of unjust laws in all the States concerning widowhood. Instead of flying off to the discussion as to whether or not the giving of the right of voting to woman will correct these laws, let me say to men, be gallant enough, and fair enough, and honest enough, and righteous enough, and God-loving enough to correct these wrongs against woman by your own masculine vote. Do not wait for woman suffrage to come, if it ever does come, but, so far as you can touch ballot-boxes and legislatures, and congresses, begin the reformation. But until justice is done to your sex by the laws of all the States, and women of America take the platforms and the pulpits, no honorable man will charge Vashti with having lost her veil.

Again: I want you this morning to consider

VASHTI THE SACRIFICE.

Who is this that I see coming out of that palace-gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Vashti the sacrifice. Oh, what a change it was from regal position to a wayfarer's crust! A little while ago approved and sought for; now none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Vashti the sacrifice. Ah, you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home empalaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth can do for that home has been done; but Ahasuerus, the husband and the father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After a while he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net—further away from God, further away from right. Soon the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal Centaurs.

BREAKING UP THE MARRIAGE

feast of Lapithae. The house full of outrage and cruelty and abomination, while trudging forth from the palace gate are Vashti and her children. There are homes represented in this house this morning that are in danger of such a breaking up. O, Ahasuerus, that you should stand in a home, by a dissipated life destroying the peace and comfort of that home. God forbid that your children should ever have to wring their hands, and have people point their fingers at them as they pass down the street, and say: "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever have to trudge the path of poverty and wretchedness. God forbid that any evil spirit, born of the wine-cup or the brandy-flask, should come forth and uproot that garden, and, with a blasting, blistering, all-consuming curse, shut forever the palace gate against Vashti and the children.

Oh, the women and the men of sacrifice are going to take the brightest coronals of heaven! This woman of the text gave up palatial residence, gave up all for what she considered right. Sacrifice! Is there anything more sublime? A steamer, called the *Prairie Belle*, burning on the Mississipi River, Bludso, the engineer, declared he would keep the bow of the boat to the shore till all were off, and he kept his promise. At his post, scorched and blackened, he perished, but he saved all the passengers. Two verses of pathetic poetry describe the scene, but the verses are a little rough, and so I change a word or two:

"Through the hot, black breath of the burning
Jim Bludso's voice was heard.
And they all had trust in his stubbornness,
And knew he would keep his word.
And sure's your born they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,
And Bludso's ghost went up above,
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.
He weren't no saint, but at Judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim.
Longside some pious gentleman
That would'nt shake hands with him.
He'd seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it there and then,
And Crist is not going to be too hard
On a man that died for men."

Once more: I want you to look at *Vashti the silent*. You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist; but there are crises when the most triumphant thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waited for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning-rod and cotton-gin and steamboat—waiting for long years through the scoffing of philosophical schools, in grand and

MAGNIFICENT SILENCE,

Galilei, condemned by mathematicians and monks and cardinals, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming of stellar reinforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave. The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt burning under him, ground under the cylinders of the printing-press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of heaven. Affliction, enduring without any complaint the sharpness of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the heft of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive. A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting waiting, until the Lord shall gather up His dear children in a heavenly home, and no poor Vashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence, and answering not a word, drinking the gall, bearing the Cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation when

"Angels thronged His chariot wheel,
And bore Him to His throne:
Then swept their golden harps and sung,
The glorious work is done."

An Arctic explorer found *a ship floating helplessly about among the icebergs*, and going on board he found that the captain was frozen at his logbook, and the helmsman was frozen at the wheel, and the men on the lookout were frozen in their places. That was awful, but magnificent. All the Arctic blasts and all the icebergs could not drive them from their duty. Theirs was

A SILENCE LOUDER THAN THUNDER.

And this old ship of a world has many at their posts in the awful chill of neglect, and frozen of the world's scorn, and their silence shall be the eulogy of the skies and be rewarded long after this weather-beaten craft of a planet shall have made its last voyage.

THE PALACE GATE OF HEAVEN!

You can endure the hardships and the privations and the cruelties and misfortunes of this life, if you can only gain admission there. Through the blood of the everlasting convenant, you go through those gates, or never go at all. When Rome was besieged, the daughter of its ruler saw the golden bracelets on the left arms of the enemy, and she sent word to them that she would betray her city and surrender it to them, if they would only give her those bracelets on their left arms. They accepted the proffer, and by night this daughter of the ruler of the city opened one of the gates. The army entered, and, keeping their promise, threw upon her their bracelets, and also their shields, until under the weight she died. Alas, that all through the ages the same folly has been repeated, and for the trinkets and glittering treasures of this world men and women swing open the portals of their immortal soul for an everlasting surrender, and die under the shining submergement.

Through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may you be enabled to imitate the example of Rachel and Hannah and Abigail and Deborah and Mary and Vashti. Amen!

The Year 1888.

Three eights in succession. It is 111 years since our heroic grandfathers and great grandfathers wrote the three successive sevens, in the year succeeding that of American independence. It will be 111 years before our grandchildren and great-grandchildren—good luck to them!—write the three successive nines. Then, 223 years later, if the world still lives and the moon has not yet tumbled, time will deal a hand with four of a kind—four twos, 2222—something that has not happened since the days of Peter the hermit.

Stole Her Wedding Hat.

"The queerest case of shoplifting I ever saw," said the head of a department in a big store recently, "was when a girl stole her wedding hat. The poor girl cried as if her heart would break when we caught her, and she said she took it because she had not a hat fit to be married in. Her sweetheart was telegraphed for, and he came to the city, paid her fine, married her and took her back with him without more than two or three finding out her real name."

Drain pipes and all places that are sour or impure may be cleaned with lime water or carbolic acid.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, FEB. 26, 1888.

The Rich Young Ruler.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 19: 16-26. Memory verses, 23-26.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the King in Zion.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *He is Lord of lords, and King of kings: and they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful.*—Rev. 17: 14.

LESSON TOPIC: *The King's Lessons on True Consecration.*

Lesson Outline: {1. Consecration Claimed, vs. 16-20. 2. Consecration Tested, v. 21. 3. Consecration Possible, vs. 22-26.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Ye cannot serve God and mammon.*—Matt. 6: 24.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 19: 16-26. Lessons on true consecration.
T.—Mark 10: 17-27. Mark's parallel narrative.
W.—Luke 18: 18-27. Luke's parallel narrative.
T.—Matt. 6: 19-34. What to seek first.
F.—Luke 12: 13-34. Where to place treasure.
S.—Acts 4: 31-37. Possessions consecrated.
S.—Acts 5: 1-11. Pretended consecration.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. CONSECRATION CLAIMED.

I. Life Desired:

What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life? (16.)
What man is he that desireth life? (Psa. 34: 12.)
What shall I do that I may inherit eternal life? (Mark 10: 17.)
Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? (Luke 10: 25.)
Sirs, what must I do to be saved? (Acts 16: 30.)

II. Duty Defined:

If thou wouldest enter into life, keep the commandments (17).
Hear, and your soul shall live (Isa. 55: 3).
Obey,....and thy soul shall live (Jer. 38: 20).
When the wicked turneth,....he shall live (Ezek. 33: 19).
This do, and thou shalt live (Luke 10: 28).

III. Compliance Claimed:

All these things have I observed: what lack I yet? (20).
All these things have I observed from my youth (Mark 10: 20).
I thank thee, that I am not as the rest of men (Luke 18: 11).
As touching the righteousness....in the law, found blameless (Phil. 3: 6).
If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves (1 John 1: 8).

1. "What good thing shall I do, that I may have eternal life?" (1) Desire; (2) Ignorance; (3) Inquiry.—(1) A desirable end; (2) An unknown means; (3) A wise inquiry.
2. "Keep the commandments." (1) As a correct rule of life; (2) As a sure revealer of sin; (3) As a competent teacher of need.
3. "What lack I yet?" (1) Self-sufficiency trusted; (2) Insufficiency felt; (3) Perplexity experienced; (4) Inquiry pressed.

II. CONSECRATION TESTED.

I. Surrender the World:

Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor (21).
Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth (Matt. 6: 19).
One thing thou lackest: go, sell,....and give (Mark 10: 21).
They sold their....goods, and parted them to all (Acts 2: 45).
Ready to distribute, willing to communicate (1 Tim. 6: 18).

II. Live for Heaven:

Thou shalt have treasure in heaven (21).
Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven (Matt. 6: 20).
I press on toward the goal unto the prize (Phil. 3: 14).
Set your mind on the things that are above (Col. 3: 2).
Lay hold on the life which is life indeed (1 Tim. 6: 19).

III. Follow the Lord:

Come, follow me (21).
He forsook all, and rose up and followed him (Luke 5: 28).
If any man serve me, let him follow me (John 12: 26).
Ye should follow his steps (1 Pet. 2: 21).
These are they which follow the Lamb (Rev. 14: 4).

1 "If thou wouldest be perfect, go, sell,....give.' (1) A desirable end; (2) A threefold means.—Three steps toward perfect consecration: (1) Go; (2) Sell; (3) Give.
2. "Thou shalt have treasure in heaven." The heavenly treasure: (1) Personal; (2) Pure; (3) Glorious; (4) Imperishable.—(1) Its quality; (2) Its certainty; (3) Its location.
3. "Come, follow me." (1) Old ways abandoned; (2) New ways accepted.—(1) Called from whence? (2) Called to what?

III. CONSECRATION POSSIBLE.

I. Not Attained:

He went away sorrowful (22).
His countenance fell at the saying, and he went away (Mark 10: 22).
When he heard,....he became exceeding sorrowful (Luke 18: 23).
Many....went back, and walked no more with him (John 6: 66).
They went out from us, but they were not of us (1 John 2: 19).

II. Hardly Attainable:

Who then can be saved? (25).
No flesh would have been saved (Matt. 24: 22).
Lord, are they few that be saved? (Luke 13: 23).
He himself shall be saved; yet so as through fire (1 Cor. 3: 15).
If the righteous is scarcely saved (1 Pet. 4: 18).

III. Attainable Through God:

With God all things are possible (26).
Is anything too hard for the Lord? (Gen. 18: 14).
I know that thou canst do all things (Job. 42: 2).
There is nothing too hard for thee (Jer. 32: 17).
I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me (Phil. 4: 13).

1. "He went away sorrowful." (1) Away from Jesus; (2) Away in sorrow; (3) Away to ruin.
2. "It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom." (1) The rich man; (2) The heavenly kingdom; (3) The hard entrance.—(1) Hard to drop visible riches; (2) Hard to grasp unseen wealth.
3. "With God all things are possible." (1) All material things; (2) All spiritual things.—(1) Man's emergencies; (2) God's opportunities.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

THE LOVE OF RICHES.

A source of care (Eccl. 5: 12, 13).
Induces forgetfulness of God (Deut. 8: 11-14).
Leads men astray (2 Pet. 2: 15).
Begets self-confidence (Psa. 30: 6).
Begets rebelliousness (Jer. 22: 21; Ezek. 28: 5).
Begets sin (Prov. 28: 22; 1 Tim. 6: 10).
Chokes piety (Mark 4: 19).
Led Lot to Sodom (Gen. 13: 10-13).
Led Demas to apostasy (2 Tim. 4: 10).
Imperils the soul (Matt. 19: 23, 24; 1 Tim. 6: 9).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The interval of time between the events of the last lesson and those of the present one, is undoubtedly long, probably extending over nearly six months. Matthew and Mark pass over this period in silence, only noting the journey from Galilee through Perea (Matt. 19: 1; Mark 10: 1). The accounts of Luke and John are, however, quite full; but, as there are no indications of correspondence between them, the arrangement of events peculiar to these two narratives (Luke 9: 51 to 18: 14; John 7: 1 to 11: 57), is one of the most perplexing problems in the gospel history.

John gives us some definite chronological data, and with these to guide us, an outline of the period in question can be constructed. During the Feast of Tabernacles, shortly after the discourse of the last lesson, our Lord visited Jerusalem. With this visit, or immediately after it, the ministry in Galilee ended. The hostility of the Pharisees in Judea became more decided, and at the Feast of Dedication, it led to an attempt at violence. (It is uncertain at which feast the blind man was healed; John 9.) After this there was a withdrawal beyond Jordan, and a return to Bethany, where Lazarus was raised from the dead. Our Lord then retired to Ephraim, shortly before the Passover.

The final journey, with which the present lesson is connected, was from that place, probably through Perea, to Jericho, and thence to Jerusalem. Perea seems to have been the scene of a large portion of the narrative peculiar to Luke's Gospel, but how much of it belongs to the final journey is still disputed. At all events, three of the accounts become parallel when the incident of blessing the little children is introduced; that immediately precedes the interview with the young ruler in all three Gospels. Hence, without attempting to give a detailed arrangement of the intervening events, we may assume that the time of the present lesson was during the latter part of March, year of Rome 783,—A. D. 30; that of the last one being just before the Feast of Tabernacles (October, 782,—A. D. 29).

The place was somewhere in the valley of the Jordan, probably not far from Jericho, on the way from Perea to Jerusalem.

Parallel passages: Mark 10: 17-27; Luke 18: 18-27.

Low Death Rate in Tenements.

It happens (never mind how) that I am in a position to have a pretty good knowledge of tenement life in New York. It relates to the worst tenements as well as to the best, and it has extended over a number of years. Speaking practically, then, and from my own observation, say that the death rate in the tenements, all things considered, is singularly low. When the health authorities talk about it they lay special stress on the high mortality among children. I wonder if it ever occurred to those wise men that there is another reason than theirs why the proportion of deaths as between children and adults is so much higher in the tenements than in private houses? What is it, this other reason? Why, simply that the proportion of children to parents is much larger in the tenements than elsewhere.

Childless couples are never found, or hardly ever found, among the poor in the tenements. You find them by the dozen, by the score, the hundred, in the higher circles. Among the well to do people who have some children the number is usually small—frequently, say, two or three, often only one or two. But not so in the tenements, where it is hand to mouth all the year round. Children swarm there; you stumble over them at every turn. They are in the yards, on the sidewalks, in the halls, on the stairs, in the rooms. The workingman and his wife may find the shoe pinching very often, but the family increases all the same. Not to follow this matter any further, though there is much in it for reflection, I repeat that a strong and obvious reason, never mentioned by the health authorities, for high mortality among children in the tenements is the fact that children are relatively much more numerous there than anywhere else. And the real wonder is that so many of them not only pull through the perils of childhood, but become as vigorous men and women as those who grow up in brown stone fronts—often, in fact, a great deal more vigorous.

Cause for Thankfulness.

Did you ever think, kind friend, as you smuggle your ears into your coat collar and growl at the cold, how much better off you are than the inhabitants of that Jonah gourd country—the prolific West? Why, in that land of blizzards and tornadoes they dare not button coats under their chins for fear of being parachuted—excuse the coinage—off into space.

WEAK AND NERVOUS WOMEN.

How Strength of Nerves and Health of Body May Easily be Obtained.

Women are great sufferers from nervousness, weakness, nervous prostration, and exhaustion. They droop and languish under household cares and work which never ends. They retire tired and wake tired and unrefreshed; they are worn out and exhausted in nerve and vital power, and have no strength or energy.

Fortunately—and it would almost seem a dispensation of divine Providence to over-worked humanity—there are medicines which restore lost nerve forces, rebuild the weakened system and re-establish health, strength and energy. These medicines, which are purely vegetable, have been combined into a wonderful remedy known as Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is kept by all druggists at $1 per bottle. This truly wonderful remedy is without doubt the greatest discovery of the century, and is the best strengthening and invigorating remedy ever known.

For nervous and physical exhaustion, weak, tired, and languid feelings with no power or ambition for exertion, it is a sovereign remedy and absolutely certain cure. In cases of sleeplessness and nervous irritability its use will be followed by calm repose and natural, refreshing sleep. For nervousness, nervous debility, exhausted vitality, despondency, and depression of the mind it is a perfect specific. For malaria, neuralgia, rheumatism, paralysis, numbness, trembling and insanity it is the only positive and recognized remedy. It never fails to cure nervous and sick headache, weaknesss and pain in the back or side, palpitation of the heart, apoplexy, epileptic fits, hysteria, St. Vitus's dance, dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite, constipation, biliousness, kidney and liver diseases.

Other medicines may be offered by druggists, but do not be persuaded to try uncertainties, when by the use of this wonderful remedy you can certainly be cured. Should your druggist not have Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, he will get it for you if you insist upon having it. Dr. Greene, its discoverer, is the great specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, and he may be consulted by those using this remedy, or by any sufferer from diseases, free of charge, at his office, 35 West 14th st., New York, personally or by letter.

COLD FACTS.—Jones—"What do you call a cold fact, Smith—that is to say, what kind of a fact is a cold fact?"

Smith—"Well, I should call a naked fact a cold fact."

J.—"Just so. A naked fact would certainly have some excuse for being a cold fact at this season."

S.—"What I mean is that a statement of fact, pure and simple, without any verbiage, comes under the denomination of a cold fact; such as, for instance, you owe me $5."

J.—"I know I do."

S.—"I'm simply illustrating. That's a cold fact."

J.—"If I say: 'I can't pay you just now,' is that a cold fact too?"

S. (sadly)—"I'm afraid it is."

J.—"Well, let's go and take something warm."

VERY REASONABLE.—Creditor—"When are you going to pay that bill?"

Debtor—"Give me a little time."

C.—"Time is money, my friend."

D—"I know it, and therefore I must have time to pay your bill."

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup and all other Throat and Lung Troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized any druggist to give you a Sample Bottle *Free* to convince you of the merit of this great remedy. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.

IT has been stated that since the sunflower has been cultivated on certain swamps of the Potomac malaria fever has decreased. At the mouth of the Schelde, in Holland, it is stated that similar results have been observed. The sunflower emits large volumes of water in the form of vapor, and its aromatic odor, as well as the oxygen it exhales, may have something to do with the sanitary influence in question.

PLANTS cannot live without leaves, as sooner or later they will "suffocate," the leaves being to plants what lungs are to an animal. Hence, if weeds be kept down close to the ground (not excepting even the thistle) they must at sometime perish. Good cultivation, therefore, lessens the labor of each succeeding year.

THERE is such a thing as preparing the food for plants as well as for stock. If the manure be not in a proper condition for the use of the plants they cannot appropriate it, and it will therefore be a saving of time to reduce it as much as possible in the manure heap.

FOWLS will not thrive and do well that are penned over hogs. We have seen it advocated to build the poultry house over the hogs. This is a mistake. When done, sickness and death among the flock is always greater. No one wants to associate with hogs, not even chickens.

IN using eggs for hatching the largest and strongest chicks will come from eggs layed by the hens or fully matured pullets. Eggs that are small or double-yelked are not suitable for hatching.

ALL young animals quickly learn to eat ground oats, and there is no ground grain better for them. They will grow and thrive upon oats even when drawing milk from the dams.

THE wheat growth of the United States is far in excess of that of any other country, yet it is estimated that the average acreage for the whole country is but twelve bushels.

THOSE who find pleasure in caring for sheep may care to hear that bean straw is an excellent article of food for them and they have been seen to leave good hay and vegetables for it and seemed to regard it as a dainty diet.

LOOK out for lice; while they are not as hard on hogs as they are on chickens, they are very unsightly and cause the poor creatures a great deal of discomfort when they have to keep up an incessant scratching.

A PERSON cannot offer a greater insult to some of the farmers' wives than to insinuate they do not make good butter. Yet the amount of poor butter on the market extends into tons, and the number of poor buttermakers is legion.

CUT OUT FOR A LAWYER.—Stevie, a bright four-year-old, had been told that he must not ask for anything to eat when visiting the neighbors. Soon after, at the house of a distant relative, where he invariably found someteing to eat, he hung around, with a wilful sort of look, until finally he broke out:

"Aunt Jane, I'm awful thirsty."

"Are you?"

"Yes. I'm so thirsty I could eat a doughnut."

We ought not to be too anxious to encourage untried innovation, in cases of doubtful improvement. For a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy has been before the public and passed through the severest test and is pronounced the most reliable remedy for that disagreeable malady. Thousands of testimonials of its virtues. 50 cents per bottle. By druggists.

By using hot, moderately strong soda water to clean them, the bristles of hair brushes will remain white and stiff for a long time.

It's Always the Way.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said a gentleman to an acquaintance whom he chanced to meet on the street; "It's always the way." "What's always the way?" inquired a mutual friend of the two men who happened along just then. "Why, just this," replied the first speaker: "you see Smith, here, the last time I met him he had one of the worst coughs you ever heard. He complained of a loss of appetite, of night-sweats, of low spirits and other unmistakable premonitory symptoms of consumption. I told him to get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at once. He did so, and look at him now! Did you ever see a healthier looking man? The 'Discovery' has snatched thousands from consumptives' graves. I knew it would cure Smith. It's always the way."

The roughness which arises from exposure to the air may be remedied by sponging the face with equal parts of brandy and rose water.

She Broke the Engagement

because she saw that he had ceased to love her. Her beauty had faded, her former high spirits has given place to a dull lassitude. What had caused this change? Functional derangement; she was suffering from those ailments peculiar to her sex. And so their two young lives drifted apart. How needless, how cruel! Had she taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she might have been restored to health and happiness. If any lady reader of these lines is similarly afflicted, let her lose no time in procuring the "Favorite Prescription." It will give her a new lease of life. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of perfect satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

IN DESPAIR.—A fashionable New York young lady received a letter from her affianced, and began reading it.

"What's the matter?" asked her mother.

"Horrible! The wretch writes that he can be no more than a brother to me. I can't stand this disgrace. My only hope now is death. I shall go down to the East River and throw myself into the water. Ma, will you be kind enough to go up stairs and bring me my sealskin sacque, my new hat and gloves, and my new tornure?"

HOW ABOUT SUNDAY?—A distinguished foreigner visits Niagara after a sojourn of two months in New York, where he has been deprived of his drinks on Sunday. His native friend takes him on a tour of the great falls:

Friend—"Well, Count, what do you think of Niagara?"

Count—"It iz splendide, magnifique! does it stop running on Sunday?"

THE POLICE KEPT BUSY.—Philadelphia Footpad—"How yer gettin' along?"

New York Footpad—"I've been doin' purty well; knocked six men in the head last week."

"Where was the perlice?"

"Raidin' art galleries."

HIS HEALTH WAS DELICATE.—Lady of the House.—"Now that the servant has given you a lunch in the kitchen you will shovel the snow off the sidewalk, will you not?"

Tramp—"I would like to oblige you, madam, but really, I cannot."

"Why not?"

"My physician has forbidden me to handle anything cold, except victuals."

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Apply vaseline to the skin immediately after a blow, to prevent discoloration.

To truly tell thousands Taylor's Hospital Cure for Catarrh is the most pleasant, painless and effective remedy known, send for free pamphlet to City Hall Pharmacy, 204 Broadway, N. Y.

A little ammonia on cotton inserted in the cavity of an aching tooth often affords instant relief.

Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla if you want an honest, reliable medicine. Do not take any other which is alleged to be "about the same" or just as good." Insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself. Sold by all druggists. Try it.

Some breeders regard a solid earth floor as best for a pig pen.

Nothing Cures Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Diabetes, Urinary, Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c., like Cann's Kidney Cure. Office, 831 Arch St., Phila. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5. At Druggists. Cures the worst cases. Cure guaranteed. Try it.

The question of dehorning cattle is receiving much consideration.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease received medals at the Centennial, North Carolina State Fair, Paris Exposition, American Institute, New York, and others.

The droppings should not be allowed to accumulate in the hen-houses.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

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When weaning colts a good substitute for milk will be found in crushed oats and linseed.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Celery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound

It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. Overwork, anxiety, disease, lay the foundation of nervous prostration and weakness, and experience has shown that the usual remedies do not mend the strain and paralysis of the nervous system.

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Rats are smart, but "Rough on Rats" beats them. Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs, Flies, Beetles, Moths, Ants, Mosquitoes, Bed-bugs, Hen Lice, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks, Weasel, Gophers, Chipmunks, Moles, Musk Rats, Jack Rabbits, Squirrels. 15c. and 25c. Druggists.

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PISO

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The only fine calf $3 Seamless Shoe in the world made without tacks or nails. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6, and having no tacks or nails to wear the stocking or hurt the feet, makes them as comfortable and well-fitting as a hand sewed shoe. Buy the best. None genuine unless stamped on bottom "W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe, warranted."

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ONE NOTCH BETTER.—As a train was ready to leave the Central Depot the other day, a drummer, who occupied two seats, or had prepared to, left the car to say good-bye to some one. When he returned he found his luggage in the wood-box and a strange man in possession of the seats.

"What does this 'er mean?" he demanded as he drew himself up and took in the situation.

"Drummer, ain't you?" queried the other.

"Yes, sir."

"Drummer on twelve hundred a year?"

"That's my salary, sir, but what has that got to do with this case?"

"A great deal, sir. I'm a lightning rod man on fifteen hundred."

And he calmly crossed his feet and unfolded his newspaper, while the drummer gathered up his things and went into another car.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.—Mother (to her boy Bobby, who has been caught fighting in the street)—"He hit you first, did he? Well you shouldn't have struck him back. Don't you remember the Bible says, 'If he smite the on one cheek turn to him the other also?"

Bobby—"Yes, ma, but what's a feller goin' to do when he gets hit on the nose."

WHEN PLEASURE BECOMES LABOR.—Miss Lillie Dushington—"Oh, Mrs. Matron, we are going to have such fun to-night?"

Mrs. Matron—"Indeed!"

Miss L. D.—Yes. We are going to have a party, and the young gentlemen are to do knitting and sewing, and the young ladies are to saw and split kindling wood! Won't it be just jolly!"

Mrs. M. (gloomily)—"Jolly to saw and split kindling wood? Well, you won't think it very jolly after you are married and have to do it all the time."

A CHILD'S LOGIC.—A little girl was teasing her mother for more indulgence and was put off with "Wait till to-morrow."

The following day she renewed her teasing, and was reminded that she had said the same thing yesterday.

"But mamma" said the child, earnestly, "this isn't yesterday, it's to-morrow."

This reasoning was successful.

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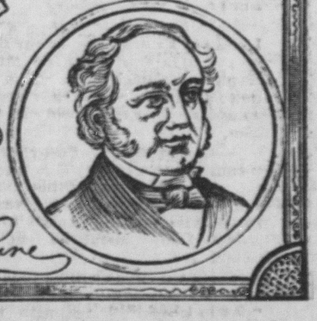

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CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a "nasal twang"; the breath is offensive; smell and taste impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT.

If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root*. As the predisposing or real cause of catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our *chief* aim must be directed to *the removal of that cause*. The more we see of this odious disease, and we treat successfully thousands of cases annually at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, the more do we realize the importance of combining with the use of a local, soothing and healing application, a *thorough and persistent* internal use of blood-cleansing and tonic medicines.

CHIEF RELIANCE.

In curing catarrh and all the various diseases with which it is so frequently complicated, as throat, bronchial, and lung diseases, weak stomach, catarrhal deafness, weak or inflamed eyes, impure blood, scrofulous and syphilitic taints, the wonderful powers and virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be too strongly extolled. It has a specific effect upon the lining mucous membranes of the nasal and other air-passages, promoting the natural secretion of their follicles and glands, thereby softening the diseased and thickened membrane, and restoring it to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood-purifier, it is unsurpassed. As those diseases which complicate catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membranes, or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

LOCAL AGENT.

As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever invented. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and containing no strong, irritating, or caustic drug, or other poison. This Remedy is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases of catarrh, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer from this disease.

PERMANENT CURES.

The Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "helpmate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates, and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial, and lung complications, when any such exist, but, from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages, it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened, or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicates the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner it is *permanent*.

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are sold by druggists the world over. Discovery $1.00, six bottles for $5.00. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents; half-dozen bottles $2.50.

A complete Treatise on Catarrh, giving valuable hints as to clothing, diet, and other matters of importance, will be mailed, post-paid to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp.

Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.

SIZE OF PELLETS. ○○○ ○○○

Dr. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS

THE ORIGINAL LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

PURELY VEGETABLE! PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

As a LIVER PILL, they are Unequaled!

SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. ONE PELLET A DOSE.

Sold by Druggists. 25 Cents a Vial.

BEING PURELY VEGETABLE,

Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a gentle laxative, alterative, or active purgative, they give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pellets. In explanation of their remedial power over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence.

Manufactured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

CENTRE HALL, PA. THURS, FEB. 23, 1888.

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Fishing for suckers is good this time of the year.

——We hear that Mr. S. W. Bairfoot, of Bellefonte, is on the sick list.

——Schools in the boro were closed on Wednesday in honor of G. W.

——Levi Murray was home, from Altoona, on account of the illness of a little son.

——A horse dealer from New York state is buying a carload of animals in this section.

——Messrs. Gheen & Spigelmyer have sold their store at Millheim to Messrs. Stehm & Gingrich.

——Rev. Fischer has a protracted meeting in the Luth. church, of this place. Services every evening.

——John Bright, another old citizen, of Aaronsburg, died on Sunday last, and will be buried to-day, Thursday.

——Our neighbor, John Kennedy, has been on the sick list during the last week and is confined to the house.

——The ticket elected in the boro' Tuesday, was for the best interests of the citizens and not to act out petty, boyish spite.

——No more bobtail rule for Centre Hall. The disgrace ceases, and some of the decenter Republicans voted for Democrats.

——Mr. Whiteman has broken ground for a new house at the lower end of town, adjoining John Dauberman on the north.

——Dr. Alexander started for California, last Saturday, having learned that his wife, who is at Los Angelos, for the benefit of her health, is not improving.

——Mr. Gephart, living on North st., Millheim, has donated a lot to the Reformed people, of that place, 100 ft. north of his residence, on which to erect a house of worship.

——John Spangler was elected burgess of Centre Hall, and his son J. L. Spangler, elected burgess of Bellefonte, on Tuesday. Guess they can afford to set up the clam soup.

——Dr. Emerick was summoned to Boalsburg, on Saturday, to attend Mrs. Adam Hosterman, who had a stroke of paralysis, which affected her left side. She is improving since.

——The bobtail politicians could now make themselves useful by shoveling snow drifts from the board walk. The boro has no further use for them.

——Mr. Samuel Wingard, of near Tusseyville, died on Thursday morning, about 3 a. m., of typhoid fever. He was a stone mason by trade, and an upright man in every respect.

——A family of nine persons at Bakonguana, in Hungary, have been poisoned by eating portions of a poisoned sheep which had been placed by the burgomaster of the village as bait for wolves.

——James M. Royer died at St. Louis, on the 7th, inst., at the age of 49 years and 4 days. Interment at Rebersburg, Pa., in the Evangelical cemetery on the 14th, inst. Deceased was a son of Jefferson Royer, of Rebersburg.

——Miss Nettie Zahn, a dashing blonde of Erie, arrived at our station last week and is the guest of Miss Laura Strohm, of Centre Hill. Miss Zahn is quite a brilliant young lady and has had considerable experience in journalism.

——Gregg Burrel, of near Spring Mills, recently sold a twenty acre tract of timber to E M. Huyett, of this place. Mr. Huyett is negotiating for several tracts in that vicinity, and expects to move his saw mill down about the first week in March.

——In this issue will be found another of "Bill Nye's humorous articles entitled "Nye in clover." Along with the local, general and political news of the day, we believe in giving a little space to humor, and no writer is better than this one, over which article our readers may laugh and grow fat.

— Walter, a little son of Levi Murray, died suddenly on Wednesday afternoon from convulsions. The little boy had been ill of pneumonia and inflamatary rheumatism a few days previous, and seemed to have recovered, when a sudden relapse overtook him, and in a few hours he was a corpse.

——Bellefonte, the Republicans nominated for burgess W. W. Bayard; tax collector, George L. Smith; treasurer, Chas. F. Cook; overseer of poor, D. K. Tate. The Democratic nominations were: For burgess, J. L Spangler; tax collecter, D. M. Keichline; treasurer, Emile Joseph; overseer of poor, James A. Schofield.

——Our pleasant, genial contemporary friend, Fred Kurtz, editor and proprietor of the Centre Hall Reporter—a most superb paper, albeit frightfully Democratic—was visible to the naked eye of the ordinary Lewisburger, on Tuesday. Fred is just a splendid fellow.

Saith the Lewisburg Chronicle. Come up, Gutelius, we'll set up the oysters.

——If the town council wish to see the pyramid of Ghiza, let them get a pair of specks at Beshman's and look over to the bank building. If the object were only quarter as large in the street front of the premises of another whom they had a dislike for, they would have seen the pile with eyes half shut and squealed. So they will wait until a rig upsets.

——The following we clip from the Lewisburg News, and therefore it is not meant for any one in Centre Hall:

An exchange, moralizing upon the tendency of some people to gossip about their neighbors, remarks that if they would vary this programme, "and tell what they know about themselves," what a stir up there would be in modern society.

——It will be with sorrow that many in this county will learn of the death of Miss Mollie Naginey, second daughter of Chas Naginey, of near Milroy, on 21st, of consumption. The deceased was well known in this county, is a cousin of John Conley, of this place. She was a most estimatable young lady and leaves a large circle of relatives and acquaintances, by whom she was highly esteemed. To the bereaved relatives we extend our sympathy.

MUSICAL CONVENTION AT TUSSEYVILLE.

The musical convention which was held in the Zion Evan. church, last week, was a grand feast of song from begining to the end of the session on which closed with two grand concerts on Friday and Saturday evenings. The opening session was a signal of success as an unusually large class was at once formed, numbering some seventy voices. At the close of the session the class numbered a hundred and twenty-three which is considered the largest held in this county this year. The class was under the direction of Prof. Lowel M. Meyer, to whose untiring efforts the success of the convention was due. Lowel, as we are accustomed to hail him, has been in the musical arena ever since we knew him, yet in this case he made his little *debut*, as a class instructor and surpassed himself and all expectations. His keen wit and startling humor make him a favorite at once, and his musical talents we dare say have no equal in this section of the State. The class made wonderful progress and by the end of the week the results of their labors were displayed in the closing concerts. A number of prominent singers from a distance were present; and Master Leslie Jacobs, of this place distinguished himself by several fine renditions on the cornet, which brought forth applause.

To cut the story short, the convention was a success in every particular. Everybody enjoyed themselves, and the week was one of pleasure, and profit as well. About a hundred and twenty some dollars were taken in, leaving a balance for the church of about ninety dollars, a handsome sum indeed.

THE CENTRE HALL MILLS.

The business of the Centre Hall Roller flouring Mills, in the last six months, in flour, grain, etc., amounted to about $75,000—or at the rate of $150,000 per year. This is, no doubt, by far, the largest business enterprise in the valley, and steadily growing. The flour manufactured at this mill, has become a standard in the market, and the mill is kept busy filling orders, it competes with any western mills for quality of flour, and this fact is giving our town and valley a reputation in distant parts, of which our people need not be ashamed.

An addition to the mill is in contemplation next summer in order to accommodate its steadily growing business. The flour and feed turned out here are guaranteed pure and first class, as they are made from grain which undergoes the closest inspection before being purchased, and no stock is admitted that is not fit for manufacturing first class flour and feed. The mill is conducted upon the cash principle. Five families are employed in the business, and all are kept busy as nailers, despite the prejudices and misrepresentations that the enterprise encountered from its founding The plant consists of mill and four dwelling houses, etc. An artesian well will be put down in course of time to guard against dry spells in the water supply, and to connect with and feed the water works of the town in case of necessity.

OWNED BY F. KURTZ, Editor

LOCAL PROSPERITY.

Our town is keeping pace with the business prosperity generally felt throughout the country. There are double as many general stores here, as there were a few years ago, besides several groceries, and all seem to be enjoying a healthy trade. Many houses have been erected in the last three years, and there are still new ones in contemplation to be erected next summer. We have telegraph and telephone communication with all parts of the state, and are located on a railroad which connects with 3 great main lines, the Penn'a at Tyrone, and the P. & E. at Montandon, and Philad. & Reading at Lewisburg, and several branch roads, all within one and two hours ride from this station. We have other business enterprises than the stores mentioned, and four as fine churches as any small town can boast of with the fifth one half completed. A healthier town than Centre Hall, is not to be found on either continent, nor a finer valley, romantic mountain scenery than we are surrounded by. A tip-top place for any kind of manufacturing enterprise, with land and living cheap and good.

Come and see.

GERTIE WALKER SEIZED, TIED AND LEFT IN AN OFFICE ALL NIGHT.

Williamsport, Pa., Feb. 19.—Osceola Mills, Clearfield county, has been in a state of intense excitement over an attempted abduction of Gertie Walker, the 14-year-old daughter of R. J. Walker, proprietor of a planing mill at that place. The girl was out playing with companions on Friday afternoon, and on leaving them started for her home alone. Failing to reach home, her parents became alarmed and searching parties were organized and were out all night seeking for her in all directions. In an old abandoned cellar the child's cap was found, together with pieces of rope and other indications that she had been gagged. The search was continued yesterday morning and resulted in finding the lost girl tied in an office in Osceola Mills, where she had been left by her abductors.

BRIEFLETS.

Luce's new planing mill at the station is now a buzzing and ready to fill orders.

W. P. Shoop thinks of erecting a new house on Hoffer st.

There are only half as many public sales this season as last.

Sheriff and constable sales are still "tucked up" throughout different parts.

Sleighing was bad Saturday and Sunday last, owing to the thaw.

The fields are still covered with snow, in this valley, which will be all the better for next year's grain crop.

DEATH OF MICHAEL MUSSER.

Michael Musser, an old citizen, living a short distance below Aaronsburg, died on Monday morning last, and was buried at Aaronsburg, on Wednesday morning. He was ill for several months, and a farmer by occupation, although he did not busy himself as such for some years, on account of his age. He was a good citizen and an honest man, and a consistent member of the Lutheran church.

BAD ROADS.

This time of the year traveling through the valley is difficult and dangerous. In most places sleighing is played out, and have to go it on wheels which is very difficult some places on account of the immense snow drifts which closed up the country roads some time ago.

RESULTS OF THE ELECTION ON TUESDAY.

DEMOCRATIC VICTORIES,

DEMOCRATS O. K.

The Democrats elected all the offices in our boro' on Tuesday. The "citizens' organization" did not go into the contest at all,—its management of the boro' having so disgusted the decent portion of our people that only the leaders of the delectable coalition are left and have no following.

The number of voters in the boro' of Centre Hall is about 90. Of these 62 voted the Democratic ticket. Of the balance, absentees, over a dozen would have voted the same way, which leaves about 10 or 12 as the actual strength of the bobtails, all the others are the decent elements of both parties.

The following were elected for Centre Hall:

Chief Burgess, John Spangler; assistant burgess, Josiah Dale; town council, A S Kerlin, George Ocker, J D Murray; judge of election, John Dauberman; inspectors, E M Huyett, John Kindry, (Rep.) high constable, W H Runkle; overseer of poor, D F Luse; school directors, Chas Emerick, D J Meyer; assessor, J W McCormick; tax collector, John Emerick; treasurer, H W Kreamer; Constable, D A Boozer; auditor, John Dauberman, Jr.

BELLEFONTE O. K,

The Democrats carried the boro' of Bellefonte on Tuesday, by electing the three main officers, viz: J. L. Spangler, for chief burgess, by 34 majority; Keichline for tax collector by 40 majority, and Schofield for overseer by 200.

The whole thing set up by Feidler's gang, in Bellefonte, was licked, defeated and kicked out at Tuesday's election in Bellefonte, and his bobtail henchmen at Centre Hall have dwindled down so low that they feared to make their appearance, deserted by the decent portion of our citizens of all parties.

MILLHEIM ELECTIONS.

Chief Burgess, G. W. Stover; Assistant Burgess, John H Auman; Councilmen, Jacob Alter, (3 years) Henry Brown, (3 years) and Jacob Gephart, (1 year); School Directors, W K Alexander and Frank Knarr, (3 years). Overseer of the Poor, John H Maize; Tax Collector, A A Frank; Assessor, C W Hartman; High Constable, Jacob Keen; Judge of Election, Capt. John Miller; Inspectors H W Bollinger and W Miller; Auditor, J B Hartman; Constable, George Mensch.

——The Potter township Democrats on Saturday nominated the following ticket and elected it:

Judge of Election: George Durst.
Inspector: William H. Ott.
Tax Collector: James A. Keller.
Supervisors: Samuel Bruss, James Sweetwood.
Assessor: W. W. Rover.
Registration Assessor: M. M. Condo.
Constable: John Long.
Auditors: W. A. Kerr, (one year,) J. J. Arney, (three years.)
Overseer of Poor: Peter Hoffer.
Town Clerk: John Ishler.
School Directors: Joseph M. Gilliland, W. M. Grove.

——The Republicans of Potter nominated the following ticket:

Judge of Election: Jacob Slabig.
Inspector: W. A. Boal
Collector: Jas B. Strohm.
School Directors: Alfred Durst, Geo. W Gingrich.
Registration Assessor: J. H. Odenkirk.
Constable: Adam Smith.
Auditor for 1 year: Edward Allison.
Auditor for 3 years: Andrew Gregg.
Overseer of Poor: Jas A. Lingle.
Town Clerk: Wm. W. Bible.

Penn Township election returns:

Judge of election, A J Campbell; inspectors, W J Harter, Elias Hoover; supervisors, John Bowersox, Alfred Stover; overseer of poor, J W Moyer; school directors, Henry Swartz, 1 year, James Immel, W H Ertle; justice of the peace, J H Frank; constable, D B Geary; assessor; J C Stover; collector, Benj Kerstetter, town clerk, P H Stovar, auditor, A P Zerby.

AARONSBURG.

Died in Aaronsburg on Sunday morning, 19th, John Bright in the 79th year of his age. Mr. Bright had been confined to his bed for about 10 months from the effects of a paralytic stroke.

Michael Musser died at his home in Haines township, on the morning of the 20th, in the 88th year of his age. Mr. Musser had twice been married. His first wife was a daughter of Peter Homan and with her he had three sons, John H., Absalom and Andrew, who was captain of Co. D. 148th reg. P. V., and died in the service just after the battle of Chancellorville. and two daughters Harriet intermarried with Jacob Condo, of Penn Hall, and Susan, the wife of Adam Bower. His second wife also deceased, was a daughter of Jacob Homan, of Gregg township, and with her he had three sons, David, living in Nittany valley, W. Frank, of Salena, Kan., and Jacob, living on the homestead, and one daughter, Emma, who has been his housekeeper for many years.

On last Friday evening Lizzie, the youngest daughter of Thomas Edmonds had her leg broken while coasting.

A son of Charles Bressler, of Haines township, who was on a visit to friends in Brush Valley, unfortunately broke his arm on last Sunday. The lad had his leg broken some five years ago.

——Please call and examine our large stock of cloths and cassimeres suitable for any garment in men's wear—a full assortment of overcoats "READY MADE." The largest line of hats, caps and furnishing goods in the county—all work guaranteed to fit or no sale."

MONTGOMERY & Co.
Brockerhoff Row & Humes Block.

Why suffer sleepless nights with a distressing cough, while a quarter of a dollar invested in Sellers' Cough Syrup will give instant relief.

THE STUDENTS WILL HAZE OR STRIKE.

State College, Feb. 18.—Charles J. Girvin of West Philadelphia is a new arrival at the Pennsylvania State College. He came here under the impression that the military discipline was very strict. He showed himself to be a little unsophisticated, so that the idea suggested itself to the students that he would be a good subject for a practical joke. Waldron of '89 therefore told Girvin to report at room 372 for a physical examination The room in question is in the wing occupied by the female students. Girvin called at the room, which was then occupied by two young ladies. He knocked at the door and was greeted with the customary "Come!" Upon opening the door and seeing the young women he apologized, and thinking he had mistaken the number, called at room 272, which is used by Prof Herrick as an office. He entered the room and innocently informed the Professor that he had called for a physical examination. When the Professor told him "that the boys were playing a joke on him," he quickly replied, saying: "Oh, no, they haven't; I have an order." He was then sent to the commandant's office, who explained the matter satisfactorily to him.

This morning an order was issued at the request of President Atherton by Lieut. S. S. Pague, U. S. A., stating that Quartermaster-Sergeant Waldron had been "reduced to the ranks for unmilitary conduct." The students are very indignant at this move. A petition has been handed to President Atherton signed by every student in the college requesting that Waldron be reinstated, and unless the request is granted it is stated that all the students will refuse to attend classes.

THE NEW TO WN OF HASTINGS.

The Brubaker Coal Company, composed of Gov Jas. A. Beaver, Robert Coleman, of Lebanon; Adjt. Gen. D. H Hastings and Major J. L. Spangler, of Bellefonte, have just completed the purchase of 10,000 acres of coal lands lying in the townships of Elder, Susquehanna, Carrol and Barr, of this county. The work of developing this vast field has been commenced by J. L. Mitchel, of Tyrone, who is now busy with a large force of men building 200 ovens, opening drifts, etc., on the headwater of Brubaker run, four miles north of Carrolltown. At this point the company has laid out a town and named it Hastings, in honor of the distinguished member of the firm of that name, where 100 houses will be erected by the company as soon as possible and headquarters of the company established. The farm houses in that vicinity are now crowded with men, and what is most needed is houses. Lots will be offered for sale at once on reasonable terms and every inducement offered for the building up of this new metropolis. A large hotel will be erected by the company at once.

The Clearfield & Cambria R. R. Co. are extending their line to Hastings. In sixty days shipments of coal will commence, and coke will be made shortly thereafter.

COBURN.

On Monday afternoon as Theodore Hosterman was driving along the railroad siding to unload a sled load of paper wood, he was caught between his sled and a box car, and was pretty badly squeezed, and was very lucky he did'nt get killed.

Our election passed off quietly, except there was quite an interest taken in the election of constable.

The boys found out that Tuesday was John Stonebraker's birthday, and of course they took possession of his house, and made it lively for him for a little while.

Last evening the boys enjoyed themselves hoisting the successful candidates, of course they set up the cigars.

A. J. Campbell, ag't, shipped a car of shelled corn this week. This is the first car of corn shipped from this station for several years There could be several cars shipped if the farmers would shell their corn, but they seem to prefer selling it in the ear.

Robert Page shipped a car of potatoes from this station. He paid sixty cents for them. O.K.

REMARKABLE FOX CHASE.

We learn of a remarkable fox chase in which a hound of Mr. Clarence Cooke, of Howard, some days ago, was a prominent actor. The hound was not much over a year old and early last week started a large fox and chased it two days and a half. Though often apparently baffled it would not give up the chase, but would again and again get on the track. During all this time, of course, the dog ate nothing and when it at length overtook the fox in the Bald Eagle mountains it was greatly exhausted. The fox was killed by its relentless pursuer, but the latter was found dead, its death no doubt being caused by over exertion.—*Watchman.*

TROUT AND CARP FRY.

Any of the REPORTER readers wanting fish to stock ponds, will find the following of interest:

The Commissioners of Fisheries of Pennsylvania will have for distribution during the Spring of 1888, Trout fry for stocking the public waters of the State. Blank "Applications" for Trout or Carp fry can be obtained from the Commissioners, viz.: H. C. Ford, 524 Walnut St., Phila., Pa., W. L. Powell, Harrisburg, Pa., S. B. Stillwell, Scranton, Pa., H. C. Demuth, Lancaster, Pa.

LINDEN HALL.

Visitors during the week were, Elmer Ross and mother, with J. H. Ross, Eugene Heims, with D Hess, Misses Ida Miller and Clara Runkle, with Will Keller

E. M. Huyett will move his steam saw mill to Andrew Gregg's in a few days.

Major Huss intends putting a shoe shop at State College. The College boys will find the Major a good shoemaker.

DUDE.

DEATH WARRANTS SIGNED.

Governor Beaver, Feb. 18, signed warrants for the execution of three condemned murderers. Adam Valkavith, of Luzerne county, will be hanged on April 1; Luther Shaffer, of Clinton county, on April 4, and David Vincent, of Philadelphia, on April 5.

SHOT HIMSELF AND HIS MISTRESS

Creston Every shot himself and his mistress this evening. They had been living together as father and daughter. He was aged 40 years and she was 17. Both were dead when found. Drink and jealousy was the cause.

DEDICATION OF THE M. E. CHURCH AT SPRING MILLS.

The dedicatory ceremonies of the new M E. church at Spring Mills, Pa., took place Sunday last. The services in the morning were conducted by Rev. Gray, of Dickison Seminary, Williamsport, Pa. The opening prayer, by Rev. Gray, and also the sermon, recorded in 1 Cor. 16 chapter, which was impressively and ably rendered, bearing upon the great responsibility resting upon the congregation. A history of the church and of the debt that had been incured in building and concluded by explaining to the vast audience that $600 must be raised immediately to meet the debt. A collection and subscription was taken which amounted to $400 50. At 1 o'clock the audience was dismissed for the evening session, and the intended children's meeting in the afternoon, was postponed on account of the lateness of the morning work. Revs D. M. Wolf, R. W. Woltney, and pastor were present in the morning. In the evening the same vast crowd had gathered, and a very able discourse from Rev. Gray was very attentively listened to, after which collections were taken until the balance, $200, was secured. After which the proper dedicatory services, by Rev. Gray, was extended to the late hour of 10:30 o'clock. The church is the handsomest in the town. It has a frontage of 32 feet, and length of 54 feet. The building is constructed of wood, the ceiling is lined and finished in oil with plastered sides and nicely frescoed, this being done by J. W. Bartges, a large tower at the northeast corner of the church has at the base the main enterence. The total expenses for building to the present situation is $2100. The congregation owes a great debt to some of their members, for the active part they manifested in the building and liquidation of the debt, and now feel and see what results, energy can accomplish. May prosperity attend you all as you gather together to worship the Lord in his holy temple.

A NEIGHBOR FRIEND.

SPRING MILLS.

R. W. Whitney, of Altoona, preached in the M. E. church, Monday and Tuesday evenings. The services will be continued during the week.

Wm. Allison & Co., are the real owners of the old Methodist church, and will convert it into a hall, which is a long needed necessity.

Maggie Rishel, of Centre Hall, was the guest of Miss Ruhl over Sunday.

Maggie Stover is visiting friends at Selinsgrove.

The arrival of a new printing establishment in our town has become a settled disappointment.

Miss Carrie Wittenmyer, a bright and accomplished young lady of Middleburg, is visiting her friend, Miss Ida Grenoble, of this place.

J. D Long has been busy buying and shipping corn in the ear.

G. R. Spigelmyer and R. G. Eisenhart, have started on an eastern trip.

J. I, Condo was not elected because he would make a "poor" overseer.

A treat is being arranged for the Evangelical Sunday school.

Miss Lizzie Miller has again returned home.

Emanuel Zeigler was home from Friday till Wed.

Joseph Miller is moving to Pleasant Gap this spring.

A terrible fight a St. Louis butcher had with his own watch dog a Newfoundland weighing 160 pounds, and his probably fatal injury in the contest in defence of his life, shows the danger of keeping savage dogs about one's house. This dog was employed in guarding his owner's premises and was unapproachable by all save family of the latter, being probably encouraged in his ferocity, that his services as a watch dog would be the more valuable. Suddenly the dog turned even upon his master, lacerating his arms, breast and sides in a terrible manner before the man's wife succeeded in placing in his hands a knife with which he slew the ferocious brute. A good dog is a benefit to mankind, but one of the characters of the St. Louis canine is a standing menace to the neighborhood in which he is kept. Had he gotten on to the street and run a muck among helpless women and children, instead of the serious injury we would doubtless be called upon to chronicle the death of one or more victims to his ferocity.

DIED.

On 4th Feb. Pearl Cassler, youngest child of Theodore Cassler, of Coburn, aged 3 years, 11 months and 25 days.

Joseph Rodgers, Sr., born August 24, 1804; died at his home in Milesburg, February 11, 1888; aged 83 years, 5 months and 17 days.

MARRIED.

On the 16th, inst., by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, at the Reformed parsonage, Aaronsburg, Mr. A. Jackson Stover and Miss Eve Stover, both of Haines township.

On the 19th, by Rev. M. L. Deitzler W. H. Snyder and Ellen M. Runkle, both of Woodward.

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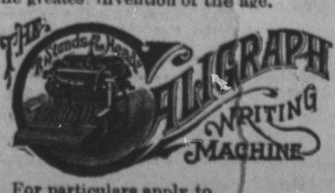

For particulars apply to
M SHIRES,
Potters Mills, Pa.
Agent for Centre County.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

The well known and desirable Spring Mills property, located at Spring Mills, Centre county, Pa., on the Lewisburg & Tyrone railroad, is now offered at private sale—either as a whole or in parts—to suit purchasers.

The property consisting of the BRICK GRIST MILL, with unfailing water power; THE FARM OF 118 ACRES; SPRING MILLS HOTEL; BRICK and FRAME STORE ROOMS; GRAIN HOUSE and COAL SHEDS on L. & T. R R; VALUABLE TOWN LOTS—now offered for sale for the first time.

The Brick Residence is one of the finest and pleasantest homes in Centre county.

This valuable property will be sold at a fair valuation and will be worthy the attention of any person desiring a profitable investment.

For particulars address
MRS. M. A. BARCROFT,
1803 Vine St., Philadelphia.
Or call on W. M. Allison or G. R. Spigelmyer, Spring Mills, Pa. f16

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.—Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bellefonte, Pa.,

—SATURDAY, MARCH 17,—

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described

o——)REAL ESTATE(——o

the property of the late John Bartges, deceased, Gregg township, said county, viz: All that certain tract of land situate in the township of Gregg, bounded and described as follows: Bounded on the north by lands of Jacob Meiss et al, east by lands of Geo. Krape and others, south lands by Geo. Korman et al, west by lands of J. B. Fisher etal. Containing one hundred and fifty acres and 132 perches. About twenty acres of the above are covered with fine pine and oak timber. Thereon erected a

TWO-STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE,

large bank barn and other out buildings all in good condition. There is also a fine orchard of choice fruit; good well and cistern at the house. This farm is pleasantly situate near the village of Farmers Mills. The public school building is on the premises, and it is but a few rods to post-office, churches, and smith shop. Anyone desiring a first-class farm in one of the best communities in the county would do well to examine this one before purchasing elsewhere.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third of purchase money cash upon confirmation of sale; one-third in one year, and the balance in two years. Deferred payments to be secured by bonds and mortgage upon the premises, and to bear interest.

C. P. HEWES,
Trustee.

PUBLIC SALE.—WILL BE SOLD AT THE late residence of Wm. C. Love, dec'd, about ¾ mile west of Tusseyville, on Monday, MARCH 27, '88: 4 horses—1 3 years, 2 6 years, 1 breeding mare 7 years old, with colt, 2 colts, 3 milk cows, 4 calves, 2 steers, 1 hog, Osborne reaper and mower combined, broad wheeled wagon, 1 2 horse wagon, bob sled, hay ladders, new top buggy, buggy tongue, Hoosier grain drill and fertilizer combined, hay rake, fanning mill corn scraper, cornplanter, Try Me cutting box, cultivators, 2 Syracuse plows, 3 harrows, harpoon hay fork with rope and pulley, single trees, forks, rake, chains, and a lot of harness, also ⅓ interest in 10 acres of wheat and 20 acres of rye in the ground, several hundred bushels of corn in ear, dinner bell, grind stone, ⅓ interest in 10 horse power traction engine, Nicholas & Sheppard make. Sale to commence at 12:30.

MAGGIE LOVE,
J. S. HOUSEMAN,
Wm. Goheen, auct. Administrators.

PUBLIC SALE.—Thursday March 15. The undersigned will offer the following property at public sale at his residence one mile west of Tusseyville: Four work horses, 3 are mares, 1 6 years old, a driver, 1 8 years old, 1 9 years old, 2 colts 1 and 2 years old, five good milk cows 4 of which will be fresh by time of sale, 1 breeding sow, chester white boar, 10 shoats, 17 head of young cattle, 29 head of sheep, thorough bred leister ram, 4 wethers, ewes are excellent stock, broad wheeled wagon, 2-horse wagon, open buggy, hay-ladders 22 feet, Willoby grain drill with attachments, Hench cultivator, 3-horse cultivator, two 1-horse cultivators, hay rake, corn-planter, reaper and mower combined, 2-horse sled, fanning mill, 2 harrows, plows, hay fork with rope and pulley, lot of harness, grain cradle, forks shovels, 2 saws, saws, etc., etc. A lot of household goods, coal stove, cook stove, lot of chairs, tables, flour chest, meat vessels, etc. A lot of corn in the ear. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock. Terms reasonable.

Wm. Goheen, Auct. J. H. WAGNER

PENNS VALLEY INSTITUTE.

——CENTRE HALL, PA.——

This school will commence its spring session of ten weeks, on Monday, April 9th, 1888. To all who contemplate attending school, we extend a hearty welcome to enter our school. The course of instruction will be adapted to the wants of the students.

TERMS:—Tuition per session, $5.00 to $8.00. For further information address

A. L. LITTLE, Principal,
Centre Hall, Pa.

CALVIN F. SOLT,

o——)Merchant Tailor(——o
Centre Hall, Pa.

I hereby announce to the public that I have opened a Merchant Tailoring establishment in

o——)SHIRK'S BUILDING(——o

at Centre Hall, and am prepared to attend to all work pertaining to my line of business. Having taken a complete course in cutting, I feel confident that my work will give satisfaction. A good fit guaranteed in every case. Give me a call and examine my work. tf.

GRAIN.

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, red	$ 85	Oats	$ 30
Wheat, white	80	Rye	50
Corn, shelled	45	Barley, No. 1	50

Barley No. 2, mixed with oats, bought at oats weight and price.

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weigh and price.

FLOUR AND FEED.

Fancy Pat. Flour	1 45	Bran per ton	18 00
Best Roller Flour	$ 1 25	Bran, retail, cwt.	1 00
2d Best Roll'r Flour	1 25	Chop per ton	22 00
Middlings per ton	20 00	" retail per cwt	1 25

COAL MARKET,

Broken	$5.00
Egg	5.50
Stove	5.75
Small Stove	5.75
Chestnut	5.50
Pea	2.50
Woodland	4.00
Soft	2.75

☞A discount on all above prices will be made for SPOT Cash.

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OF FIRST-CLASS
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Will be sold at $5.00 an acre, on long time, to Actual Settlers. Rich soil—healthful climate—good drinking water—fine market facilities—steady demand for labor at good wages. Purchase now and have choice of lands. Full information with maps, pamphlet, etc., furnished FREE. Address
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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.